JOHN BULL, [illegible] Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

[illegible] SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1926. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

1,141 INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID

We Put and others Take!

by HAROLD OWEN

Besides the 6d. and 11½d. tins

NESTLÉ'S MILK

is now sold in Aluminium Tubes

12 Tubes in Wooden Box for 7/6

The Tube costing 7½d.

The Carton

Get Nestlé's—always. It serves you right. ALL WAYS!

If you cannot obtain these tubes locally, send 7/6 with name and address of your usual grocer, and we will send you 1-doz. direct, and post free.

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3

Floods!

"JOHN BULL" THE *ONLY* PAPER WHICH INSURES YOU AGAINST THIS PRESENT DANGER

Many Readers Flooded Out!

Only "JOHN BULL" had the foresight to include this risk in its Insurance offer. No other paper covers this present danger. Only those registered with "JOHN BULL" can receive this exclusive benefit. "JOHN BULL'S" Insurance protects the home as no other home insurance can. Register now for the best and most comprehensive free home insurance in the world!

What JOHN BULL Pays

Household Benefits.

£300—damage by fire.
£600—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£300—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or £125—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—damage by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.
£300—damage by riots and civil commotion.
£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500 or £250—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye, under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees.

£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 6 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home, Garden, Hotel or Boarding House.

£250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to six weeks for disablement by fracture.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.

Is Your Luggage Insured?

JOHN BULL'S Free Home Insurance still remains in force whilst you are away at your hotel, boarding-house or apartment, and it also covers your luggage against loss by fire.

You can cost your Coupon for ½d., now. Sign to-day!

CUT HERE.

J.B. 19.8.22. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....
.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....
.....

Use ½d. Stamps. Don't send envelope. Date.....A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE.

J.B. 19.8.22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....
.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....
.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

Date.....

1,141 Claims Paid

JOHN BULL

Greatest FREE Home Insurance

49 More Claims Paid exclusive of Flood Claims

The steady stream of claims which continues to flow in week by week goes to show that "John Bull" benefits are real, not imaginary ones. To bear out this statement it is only necessary to mention that just before going to press we have received a number of claims from readers whose homes have been damaged by the recent and severe floods. These claims will have our immediate attention. Through no other paper in the world would it be possible to claim against damage of this kind. Once more does the "John Bull" Insurance prove itself to be "The Greatest Free Home Insurance in the World." If you have not yet registered, do so now, using the forms on this page.

FIRE.

RETFORD.—T. TOWNEND, Courtwall, Lound. Damage to Carpet and Rug.
SUSSEX.—Nurse E. C. RUSH, Vicarage Cott., Alfriston. Damage to Clothing.
BLAENAVON.—D. T. MORGAN, 71, High Street. Damage to Household Effects.
WEST HAM, E.—E. B. MOODY, 29, Gainsborough Road, Manor Road. Damage to Bedding.
WEST GREEN, N.15.—Mrs. MARSHALL, 18, Stanley Road. Damage to Furnishings.
BERKSHIRE.—F. J. HENWOOD, Millham, W. Hendred. Damage to Clothing.
NEATH.—D. WALTERS, 4, Combridge Terr., Cadoxton. Damage to Clothing.
DUNDEE.—R. B. DUNCAN, 80, Blacknesse Road. Damage to Clothing.
LIVERPOOL.—J. BARNETT, 56, Southdale Road, Wavertree. Damage to Clothing.

STORM.

PORTSMOUTH.—W. HUGGETT, "Ilford," Whitecliffe Ave., Copnor. Damage to Furnishings.
GREAT YARMOUTH.—Mrs. J. GROOM, 27, Church Plain. Damage to Furnishings.

BURST HOT-WATER PIPES.

MANCHESTER.—F. ROBERTS, 56, Thorncliffe Grove, Levenshulme. Damage to Furnishings.

HOME ACCIDENTS (£3 per week).

DEPTFORD.—Mrs. WILSON, 31, Giffen Street.

HOME ACCIDENTS (£1 per week).

WALLINGFORD.—J. LEE, Drayton St. Leonard, via Wallingford.
KENT.—G. WATKINS, Nettlestead Kent.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. H. VERNAL, 1, St. Ronan's Drive, Shawlands.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. HANNAH, 75, Whittier Street, Southdown Road.
NEWPORT.—Mrs. PARFITT, 5, Club Row, Markham Village, near Newport.
SURREY.—Mrs. COX, 39, The Avenue, Kenley, Surrey.
CORNWALL.—Mrs. GALE, 100, Par Green, Par, Cornwall.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. CLOUGH, 397, City Road, Old Trafford.

HOME ACCIDENTS—(*continued*).

KENT.—J. VAUGHAN SAUNDERS, 80, High Street, Ashford.
GLOUCESTER.—Mrs. WATTS, Rosemount, Hasfield, near Gloucester.
GREENWICH, S.E.10.—Mrs. PHILLIPS, 1, Horn Lane.
CHINGFORD, E.—Mrs. JILLIONS, 125, Winchester Road, Highams Park.
CHORLEY, LANCS.—W. DAVIES, 23, Fielden Street.
CRUMLIN, MON.—Mrs. BARTLETT, 13, Oakland Terrace.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. R. F. WINNE, 4, Pembroke Street, St. Paul's.
HOLSWORTHY.—Mrs. BENNELLICK, Drill Hall, North End.
BEARWOOD.—Mrs. A. HOLLIES, 16, Bishopston Road.
SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs. ELLERY, 8, Bullar Street.
PETERBORO'.—Mrs. GAYLER, 7 Cavendish Street.
WEYMOUTH.—Mrs. F. S. GRANGER, Glenwood, Love Lane.
SMETHWICK.—J. VAUGHAN, 41, Linden Road, Bearwood.
LLANHILLETH, MON.—Mrs. MORGAN, 38, Blaenlliffin Road.
LYDBURY NORTH.—Mrs. LUCAS, Plowden Station.
PORTSMOUTH.—Mrs. TANNER, 268, Twyford Avenue.
HEDNESFORD.—Mrs. WASSELL, 26, Queen Street, Hightown.
COVENTRY.—L. COOLEY, 165, Station Street, E.
MARKET HARBORO'.—Mrs. FREESTONE, Ashley.
DONCASTER.—Mrs. WALKER, 9, Walter Dale.
KEITH.—Mrs. WILLIAMSON, 35, Holly Hill Road.
ISLE OF WIGHT.—J. ARAM, 103, Pyle Street, Newport.
NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mrs. J. C. LAWTLEY, 123, Pont Street, Ashington.
BARNSLEY.—Mrs. HURST, 4, School Street, Old Town.
SKEGNESS.—W. J. ROBINSON, Beulah Villa, 30, Drummond Road.
GORLESTON-ON-SEA.—Mrs. GREEN, 49, Saffield Road.
BRIGHTON.—Mrs. M. J. WOOD, 21, Albion Cottages.
NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mrs. WILSON, 141, Woodhorn Road, Ashington.

SIGN NOW—FORMS ON THIS PAGE

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

PREPAID RATE: 8s. PER LINE, AVERAGING 6 WORDS.
MINIMUM CHARGE, 24s.

Address: **The Advertisement Manager, "JOHN BULL," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BEST and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for Shopkeepers and Beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers' Samples. Catalogue and Guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Write to-day.

20/- CAPITAL and your living guaranteed. Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks 51 and 52, Houndsditch, E.1.

DRAPERY REMNANTS (Wholesale).—Reduced prices. 21-page Price List free, full of bargains in General Drapery, Pants, Blouses, Overalls, Hosiery, etc. Try a £1 or £2 Blouse Length Parcel for large profits.—Harry H. Clegg (Dept. B.), 96, High Street, Manchester (the English Firm).

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Send for Catalogue J. free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 9, High Street, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

XMAS Chocolate Clubs.—Spare-time Agents wanted. Good remuneration. No outlay. Best makes only supplied. Particulars free.—Samuel Driver, South Market, Hunslet-Lane, Leeds.

AGENTS wanted for high-class advertising signs and "Selnxa" Adhesive Letters.—E. Andrex, Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2. Others from 2/6.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Lovaine, (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

ADVERTISE NOW.—Two lines (14 words), once, 60 provincial papers, 5/6. List free.—Fuller, Ltd., 1, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

CHEAP PRINTING.—Billheads, from 3/6; 1,000 Memos, 10/-; Handbills 5/6; Samples free.—Winskill, Printer, Buxted, Sussex.

BUILD up a Mail-Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities.—Write, Noble Bros., Tavistock Chambers, Nottingham.

RETAILERS' BARGAINS.

CYCLISTS!—If you must know the truth about prices write for my BIG FREE GUIDE. Greatest possible value in Cycles, Tyres, and all accessories. Over a hundred thousand SATISFIED and REGULAR customers. Just "Catalogue, Please," on a postcard, and this wonderful book is yours ABSOLUTELY FREE.—H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 52, Burnley.

A POSTCARD will bring you price-list and easy terms for Watches, Rings, Cycles, Suits, Raincoats, Boots, Baby Cars, Cutlery, &c., on easy terms, from 5/- monthly. Send a postcard to Masters, Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, Rye.

PRIMROSE SOAP, 1, 3 or 4-lb. bars, 56 lb. 21/6, 112 lb. 41/6; Carbolic, 56 lb. 22/6, 112 lb. 43/6. Carr. pd.—D. E. Grice and Co., 141, L. Bath St., Glasgow.

TOOLS! at genuine Bargain Prices. Send today for list No. 22/2, post free.—George Adams, 255/6, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

SOAP.—1 lb. bars, 28/- cwt., wrapped. Twin tablets, 30/- cwt., carr. pd. 100 miles. Sample 1/-.—Baird, 16, Water Lane, London, E.C.3.

BABY CARRIAGES direct from factory at half usual prices. Catalogue "B" free from Manufacturer.—Bolton, 360, Kingsland Rd., E.8.

INEXPENSIVE PRESENTS.—Specially designed Picture Postcard Albums for Kinema Stars, beautifully bound, lettered in gold "My Film Favourites." To hold 150 cards, price 1/6; to hold 200, 2/-; all post free.—Pictures Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

SUIT Lengths and Costume Gabardines. Any length cut. Patts. free.—The Bradford Tweed Co. (Dept. 10), 1, Manchester Road, Bradford.

BEAUTIFUL LEATHER.—Sale price, 2/9 skin. Suede Leather, 11d. ft. Send 2d. stamp for full set of patts.—Catt, Northampton.

SUIT and Costume Lengths. Patts. free. State quality and shade.—Norman K. Sykes and Co., Cloth Hall, Street, Huddersfield.

ALL-WOOL Natural Flannel Pyjamas, guaranteed new goods made for British Government Hospitals, all sizes, small, medium and large. 6/11 suit, postage 9d. extra, or 3 suits for £1, post free; worth 21/- per suit. Buy now for the winter.—Francis Dry (Dept. J.B.), 75, Junction Road, London, N.19. Men's Wear Bargain List free on request.

MUSICAL.

MUSIC.—Special advertising offer: 10/- parcel of new Pianoforte Music for 2/6. Money ret. if dissatisfied.—Imperial Mus. Pub. Co., 31, Newman Street, W.1.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Illd. Catalogue free.—Dougles, 99, King's Chambs., South Street, E.C.2.

MARKETING BY POST.

FISH, straight from sea. Parcels 4/- upwards. Prime quality, cleaned, carriage paid. Fishmongers and Friers supplied.—Pearl Fish Co., Grimsby.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

WINDOW DRESSING.—A highly-paid, artistic and interesting profession. Postal tuition, low fees. Booklet free.—Dept. 30, Phœnix School of Business, Ltd., 439, Oxford St., W.1.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver. Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 8, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

ARE YOU AMBITIOUS? If so, a Metropolitan College postal training will enable you to compel high salaried success. Subjects: Accountancy Secretaryship, London B. Com. Degree, Banking, Costing and Factory Organisation, Commercial and Company Law, Advertising and Sales Management, Business Organisation, Matriculation and professional Preliminary Examinations. 1,300 successes at professional examinations in 1921. Many intensely practical non-examination courses—moderate fees, by instalments, if desired. "Students' Guide," a handsome volume of 132 pages, free on request.—Metropolitan College, Dept. 51, St. Albans.

LEARN Dutton's 24-hour Shorthand. Secure speed of 150 words per minute. First lesson free.—Dutton's College, Desk J., 92-3, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, Shyness, Blushing Send 3d. for interesting book on genuine cure.—Henry Mivers (Desk 34), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars stamp.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW to stop Smoking. Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. Particulars free.—The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Racton Road, London, S.W.6.

WIRELESS.

WE HOLD enormous stocks of wireless apparatus; catalogue 4d., post free.—L. McMichael, Ltd., Providence Place, West End Lane, Kilburn, N.W.6.

PHOTOGRAPHY

KODAK Spools devel., ptd., and retd. next day. Best work. Mod. charges. Camera Bargs. List for stamp. Exc.—Wallace Heaton, Ltd., 119, New Bond St., London, W.1, & at Sheffield.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS.

SPEND YOUR HOLIDAYS with a House Party at Eastbourne: modern house in own grounds; tennis, sport, picnics, bathing; moderate terms. Write for booklet.—Secretary, South Coast, 61, Tennyson Road, Birmingham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A WONDERFUL OFFER.—For Three Shillings we will send you post free our Bonanza Packet of Sixty Picture Postcards of Kinema Stars, all different, as selected by us. These cards are sold by us singly at a penny each.—Pictures Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BY an Interesting, Remunerative Home Hobby. Either sex. No selling or canvassing.—Send stamp for full partics. testimonials, etc., to H. Stafford, 34, Bath Street, Southport.

Sir HARRY LAUDER (The Scottish Artist), in his BARRY SPORTS SUIT.

TRADE MARK
SCOTTISH WOOLLEN ASSOCIATION

A £6:6:0 GENUINE SCOTTISH WOOL SUIT TO MEASURE FOR £3:10:0

THE GREATEST TAILORING FEAT OF THE CENTURY

MADE WITH TROUSERS IF PREFERRED.

Wherever you may reside (distance is no obstacle), you may have a Suit tailored to your exact requirements, even to the last detail, and made from the genuine products of the Scottish Woollen Association. This is the surest guarantee that your suit will be made from pure virgin yarn. The luxury of a high-class bespoke suit equal to the very best produced by exclusive tailors is therefore offered to you at the remarkably low price of **83 10s.** to measure.

WE GUARANTEE TO FIT YOU PERFECTLY

or in the remote event of our failing, we here and now undertake to refund not only the amount paid but 2/6 over and above that sum to compensate you for loss of time.

Our simplified self-measure chart is unfailing. Our experience is so vast that even if you chance to make an error in filling our measure chart we can immediately detect it. We not only fit you perfectly, but we give you all those little personal details of collar, lapel, shoulders, hang of trousers so necessary to your perfect clothes comfort.

THE BARRY SPECIALITIES (ALL GUARANTEED MADE TO MEASURE) ARE AS FOLLOWS:—

£6:6:0
PURE SCOTTISH WOOL SUIT
SCOTTISH WOOLLEN
The sure guarantee.
To measure for
£3:10:0
The finest value ever offered in Tailoring History.

£3:3:0
ALL-WOOL SPORTS COAT
To measure for
£1:10:0

£4:4:0
PURE NEW WOOL SUIT
To measure for
£2:10:0
Valued as worth double by many of our Clients.

£10:10:0
PURE WOOLLEN WORSTED SUITINGS.
The choicest products of our very best English Mills
£5:5:0
To measure
Our Top Quality. Nothing finer than this suit could be wished.

£6:6:0
ALL-WOOL BLUE SERGE SUIT for
£3:10:0
Guaranteed all Wool by Bradford Corporation Certificate.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS. Tweeds, Serges, Worsteds, Homespuns, Flannels, etc. No ordinary tailor could furnish you with so extensive a range of fabrics to choose among. They will be sent per return post paid.

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BY SEEING OUR PATTERNS—and we shall feel privileged if you will send for these. With our patterns we send booklet showing the latest fashions in Men's Tailoring. Also the most convincing book of testimonials ever issued

ALL ORDERS ARE DISPATCHED WITHIN 7 to 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK.

THE BARRY SERVICE IS UNIQUE IN TAILORING.

S. A. BARRY & CO., Call or Write.

(J.B. Dept.) 26, CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1 (Near Moorgate Tram & Tube Terminus.)

Telephone Number for Free Patterns: Clerkenwell 4209.

THE
CITY LIFE
Assurance Co., Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE:
CITY LIFE HOUSE,
Old Jewry, London, E.C.2
Telephone: CITY 9543.

Assets Exceed - £1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds £450,000
Claims Paid Exceed - £1,600,000
Advances Made Exceed £2,250,000

Managing Director.
LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

PLAYER'S
Navy Cut Tobacco

Packed in varying degrees of strength to suit every class of smoker.

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut - } Per oz.
Player's Medium Navy Cut - } 1/-
Player's Tawny Navy Cut - }
Player's "White Label" Navy Cut - 10½d.

Also Player's Navy Cut de Luxe (a development of Player's Navy Cut) packed in 3-oz. and 4-oz. Airtight Tins at 2/4 and 4/8 respectively.

PLAYER'S
Navy Cut Cigarettes

Have a world-wide reputation. They are made from Fine Quality Virginia Tobacco and sold in Two Strengths—MILD and MEDIUM.

MILD (Gold Leaf)	MEDIUM
100 for 5/10; 50 for 2/11	100 for 4/8; 50 for 2/5
24 for 1/5; 12 for 8½d.	20 for 11½d.; 10 for 6d.

In Packets and Tins from all Tobacconists and Stores.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P941

Eczema and Rash

Suffered Three Years, but Germolene Relieved Immediately and Soon Completely Cured.

Mr. W. J. Rodhouse.

Mr. W. J. Rodhouse, 3D, Orchard Street Estate, Westminster, London, S.W.1., says: "I had suffered with eczema on my leg for about three years when I first tried Germolene. From the first application I got relief; the terrible burning and itching were allayed on the instant. I had been doctoring it with all sorts of things, but it never got a bit better till I tried Germolene. Then it was gone in a remarkably short time. Seeing how good Germolene had been in my case, my wife used it on baby for a skin rash, and it cleared it away at once. My boy, too, who goes in for athletics, has used Germolene for skin abrasion and roughness, and always it cures immediately. I would not be without Germolene in the house."

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema	Piles	Skin Eruptions	Pimples
Psoriasis	Itching	Cuts and Burns	Chapped Hands
Rashes	Ulcers	Ringworm	Chilblains

and all cut, bruised, itching, or ulcerated surfaces.

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!
Awarded Gold Medals and Diplomas at 4 Leading International Exhibitions.

Price 8/- per tin, 1/3 the smaller size. From Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Germolene is manufactured in the same splendidly equipped laboratory as Dr. Cassell's Tablets, under the control of skilled chemists, from the purest ingredients, by
The Vono Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

"NOTIONS"
THE BOOK FOR
IDEAS!

COMPETITORS
MAKE YOUR OWN EFFORTS AND WIN

Just issued a wonderful Book called "NOTIONS" which will give you

A HUNDRED DOUBLE-MEANING SUGGESTIONS IN 10 MINUTES

THERE is absolutely **NO LIMIT** to the number of smart efforts you can evolve with this Masterpiece work. **NOTHING JUST LIKE IT** has ever been published before. You can take any phrase in any Competition and turn to the subject that the phrase suggests and you get at once a number of witty, humorous or double-meaning suggestions that will assist you to

EASILY MAKE EXCELLENT LINES WITH WINNING CHANCES.

"NOTIONS" will give you a new interest in Competitions!
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The Subjects are all alphabetically arranged, and the work forms the most wonderful and comprehensive Competition Guide ever issued. The Price of this most useful book is

ONE SHILLING ONLY and 2d. for Postage.

FREE If you wish to know more about this wonderful Book and would like to see Specimen Pages before becoming a Subscriber, please write and say so (a postcard will do) and the Publisher will oblige you.

I DO NOT SELL LINES—THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO BUY.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, ETC.:—
A. L. SAWYER, 9 PRIORY PARK ROAD, KILBURN, LONDON, N.W.

Vol. XXXII. No. 846.
Week ending Saturday,
Aug. 19, 1922. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9066
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

What they Fear.
The Government has become really afraid of by-elections—a sign of the approaching end.

Terrors of the Deep.
English waters have been invaded by sharks. Possibly they have heard what a good country England is for their tribe.

The Skeleton,
Sir Alfred Mond has been asked by the Premier to look into the Coalition-Liberal organisation. Poor Mother-Hubbard!

Watch the Hun.
The most widespread and influential German monarchist plot is now being hatched. It is causing considerable uneasiness in official circles.

A Scandalous Waste.
Who are the South London traders who send cabbages to the refuse-destructor rather than reduce the price? They ought to be pilloried.

Doing Themselves Well.
Russian Bolshevist leaders are living in luxury in the health resorts of Latvia. The Bolshevist is an impudent humbug, and under the skin a bloated aristocrat in his outlook.

The Best Seller.
Fleet Street is fighting for the Premier's book, for which he has been offered over eighty thousand pounds. A very nice retiring allowance.

Open Diplomacy.
A League of Nations' messenger has been robbed of documents containing important secrets. Very unfortunate, but we thought the League was to have no secrets.

The Truth about Genoa.
The All Russian Communist Conference declares that though the result of the Genoa Conference was not great, it was at least a recognition of Soviet Russia. That is not much of an investment for this country.

Doleful.
There are now two Cabinet Committees considering the unemployment problem. No newspaper appears to have announced this as "Good News for the Unemployed." We fear it is only another "dole"-ful prospect.

A Straight Tip.
Boincaré observed to one of his suite that if Great Britain "policed" Germany as well as we "police" him, quite a lot of reparation would be forthcoming.

If!
Sir Maurice Bonham-Carter, Mr. Asquith's son-in-law, says that if 200,000 Liberals would give ten shillings a year each to Party funds the evil of tainted Honours would be over. *If!*

The "Minnie Wallace."
Uncle Sam has acted very vigorously in arresting the liquor ship *Minnie Wallace* outside territorial waters. He can scarcely expect the British Government to join in the applause.

Collect the Guns.
The shooting affray at Aldershot ought to be brought to the attention of Mr. Shortt. It is high time that the revolver menace should be dealt with. England ought to be above imitating Mexico.

Genuine Counterfeits.
Mrs. Matthews, the woman who was imprisoned for uttering "base" coin that turned out to be genuine, has a real grievance. What stupid official made the discovery after, and not before the trial?

Missing Financier.
Where is Mr. Quilliam, whom the Official Receiver charges with reckless extravagance in the administration of the Direct Fish Supplies, Ltd.? He ought to be found and invited to explain.

The Reason Why.
We are asked why there is such delay in the distribution of Naval prize money. The reason is simple. When the job is finished, a vast army of Admiralty temporary clerks will be among the unemployed.

An Unusual Payment.
Sir Joseph Burn has been drawing his salary as Inspector of the Irish Constabulary for two years while his successor did the work. The Government dared not dismiss him because he protested against the foolish policy they afterwards abandoned.

Two Minds.
On our middle pages two eminent writers deal with the vital topics of the day. Their points of view and arguments, though from a different angle, are such that will command world-wide attention. Of course we do not necessarily share the views of any of our contributors.

Golf for All.
Dr. Jemieson of Blackburn wants all municipalities to establish golf courses for the public health. An excellent idea. At present golf is much too dear.

Winston's Future.
Before Parliament adjourned several M.P.'s made bets that Winston Churchill would be the next Premier. His prestige just now is immense.

Another Hospital Scandal.
Dr. Ellis Morgan says that it costs thirty thousand pounds to raise three hundred pounds for London hospitals. Obviously somebody is making a good thing out of Charity's purse.

Shirtless Freedom.
Miss Jane Burr, the American novelist, is coming to England to try and induce English women, in the name of Liberty, to wear trousers. It would be much better for her, in the name of common-sense, to stay at home.

The Tory Revolt.
Junior Conservative Members of the Government are in secret revolt against the leadership of Mr. Lloyd George. They believe the Coalition ship is foundering, and they have their careers of think of.

The Degrading Tip.
West End waiters are complaining that their tips are falling off. It would be a good thing if they had the courage to refuse them and to demand a living wage. Tipping is inconsistent with the dignity of labour.

The Idle Rich.
The latest fad of wealthy Parisians is to serve fruit-growing on miniature trees, which cost from twenty to thirty pounds each. This is the sort of thing that encourages, and almost justifies, the unemployed Revolutionary.

Another Axe.
The Cabinet has demanded further cuts in Whitehall expenditure, and between now and October all the bureaucrats will be on the carpet. Possibly something effective will be done this time. Sir Robert Horne wants an election Budget next year.

German Impudence.
The German Government says that the drastic French action in Alsace is illegal. Everything that is done to make Germany pay up is illegal from the German point of view. As Lord Carson once said there are illegalities which are not crimes.

Forward Fulham.

The Fulham Guardians have an excellent scheme for helping the unemployed young men. They intend housing them in a suitable institution, providing them with clothes, and training them in agricultural and other suitable work. We heartily endorse this form of dole.

Turning the Tables.

Visitors to the seaside have been badly used by landladies, shopkeepers and purse-pirates generally. Now that visitors are rebelling against the exorbitant prices by a policy of boycott the seaside places complain. Had they been less grabbing there would have been less grousing.

Still Dreaming.

At Castle Donington, the Medical Officer of Health said there were certain properties in which people were living under conditions which would not be tolerated by savages. From every part of the country come tales of terrible conditions imposed by the housing shortage. When will the Government generally and Mond in particular wake up to realities?

From Soldier to Tramp.

One cannot feel anything but sympathy for the two unemployed ex-soldiers who collapsed from exhaustion on the Millbrook Road, Southampton, after having tramped from Weston-super-Mare. They were destitute save for a few coppers picked up by hawking postcards. They were taken to hospital and cared for; but the incident is a shocking commentary on the state of the country.

What Next?

While on duty, Police Constable Robinson, of Tyburn, Birmingham, was assaulted by four young men. He was knocked down, and struck about the head and body. A fine of ten pounds was imposed on each defendant. At this rate, if Robinson had been killed, his assailants might have expected to receive about twelve months' hard labour each. An extraordinary error of judgment!

Majesty on the "Majestic."

We notice that before leaving Southampton the King and Queen made an inspection of the *Majestic*. They saw the superbly-decorated swimming bath and the wonderful gymnasium with its electrically-driven jumping gee-gees, and even the Queen's expressed desire to see the third class accommodation was gratified. But they were not invited to peep into the men's quarters in the fo'c'sle. Perhaps there wasn't time?

Victimising a Girl.

Nearly thirty convictions are recorded against James Riley for assault, larceny and burglary, and recently he was charged with begging. This time his offence was aggravated by the fact that he forced his daughter, aged fifteen, to be with him. He was only sentenced to a month's hard labour, but he should have received at least double the punishment for using an innocent girl to excite the pity of passers by. James Riley is a monster!

More Waste.

Atcham Guardians have not yet reopened their workhouse for the reception of the poor, who are still boarded out at other institutions. Three years ago its usefulness as a war hospital terminated, and since then it has been lying idle, inhabited only by various attendants, who are paid for doing next to nothing. Thus does the Government's orgy of waste and muddle spread throughout the country. Ratepayers can and *must* check it.

Busybodies.

There are still busybodies who take delight in sending to the Pensions Ministry more or less well founded charges against war widows, and they expect to be paid for their services at so much per denunciation. Evidently the strain of Nosey Parker has been crossed with that of Iscariot at one point.

Beware of the Bell.

The recent public funeral of the two gallant firemen of Tottenham who met their death through a collision between their fire-escape and a motor lorry, again emphasises the importance of all drivers of vehicles pulling in at once to the left on the first sound of the fire bell. It is not always carelessness that occasions such accidents. Indecision and panic play a part.

No Backstair Influence.

Notwithstanding the fact that Richard Rowe, of Harpurhey, Manchester, has an uncle who is a bishop, three others who are priests, and two brothers-in-law who are magistrates, he was sentenced to two months' imprisonment in the second division for misrepresentation and theft. It is satisfactory to know that his relatives made no effort to save him from the fruits of his grave misdoings.

The Curse of Kensington.

Readers unfamiliar with Kensington may be surprised to learn that that aristocratically-named borough has a higher rate of infant mortality than the whole of London. In the Notting Hill district, for instance, last year the deaths of infants under twelve months were 119 per 1,000, as compared with 80 per 1,000 for the whole Metropolitan area. These tragic figures are mainly traceable to the tenement-house system—which, alas, in such congested areas, seems inevitable.

A Pitiful Tragedy.

What pitiful tragedy lies behind the suicide of Mary Saunders in a Newcastle hotel? She had taken every precaution to conceal her identity so that none could wag their tongues over her poor body, or point the finger of scorn at her family. She just wanted to get away from her troubles and find peace in a grave bearing a name other than her own. Even this last desire was defeated by the laws of civilisation—so often remorseless to the living and the dead.

Thirsty Kiddies.

Shopholders in the arches of Victoria Bridge recently applied to the Swansea Parks Committee to be allowed to open on Sunday. Mr. Hemmings pleaded that it made a Christian's heart bleed to see the children on a broiling hot day unable to get even a bottle of ginger beer to quench their thirst, but Alderman James thought that there was simply a lack of water fountains in the town. So Swansea seems to be both too puritanical and too negligent. An unworthy reputation, that should at once be put right.

Too Far.

The motor charabanc provides thousands with pleasure, and thousands more with annoyance and discomfort. That, we suppose, is inevitable. But when these Dreadnoughts of the road take to knocking down war memorials, it is time to protest. The recent incident at Henstridge (Somerset) would have been bad enough had it stopped at the damage done to the local Memorial; but it was accompanied with terrible injuries to two little children, and should be the last of its kind.

To What Good Uses.

In the good old days of peace it was sometimes said that the British Navy floated on beer; and there is no question that "the Trade" and its supporters supplied the biggest portion of the £40,000,000 odd which the Fleet cost annually. To-day the Canadian exchange is said to be practically at normal strength, owing to enormous exports of liquor to the "dry" United States. It is an ill law that does nobody good.

Rescued from Death.

Leaving the compartment of an incoming train before it stopped at Hamilton Central Station, a young girl fell between the footboard and the platform. Lauchie McMillan, a well-known local footballer, quickly reached her, and held her up until the train came to a standstill. She escaped injury, but her rescuer went off with a damaged arm. The girl undoubtedly owed her life to the fact that sport makes a man quick to think and quick to act.

Canny Communists.

In announcing that all Communists running in opposition to official Labour candidates are to be withdrawn, the Executive Committee of the former Party state that the decision was arrived at as "an expression of the sincerity of its wish to maintain solidarity with the other organised movements." M'yes. The recent repudiation of the Reds by the official Labour Party had nothing whatever to do with it. Of course not!

An Excellent Example.

A well-dressed man who had pleaded guilty at Bow Street to a minor offence was so astonished at finding himself discharged with a caution that he put the £1 note he had taken from his pocket in anticipation of a fine in the poor box. May we suggest that this excellent example should be followed by some of the well-dressed women who must surely be just as much surprised when they are released after stealing from shops?

Suicide or Murder?

Leonard Thomas Lucas was found dead in the Thames with a halfpenny in his pocket after twelve months' vain search for work. Though only twenty-four he had a splendid war record, and was a capable carpenter whom many employers would gladly have employed, but trade union rules barred him more than once. Suicide the coroner called it, but what a pity trade unions cannot be indicted for murder.

"So Much Good in the Worst of Us."

Even an old convict like Charles Douglas (41), cannot be altogether base when—as he did at Preston—he asks for the whole punishment for a crime to be imposed upon him, and pleads for the release of younger men he led astray. Perhaps it is as well that the law does not accept vicarious sacrifices of this sort. But the spirit which inspires such an offer is none the less commendable.

Dilly Dally.

Yet another fatality has occurred at the Coulson Road level crossing, Boultham, Lincoln, Florence Isott being run over by a train and killed. Three months ago it was suggested that an automatic alarm should be erected, but nothing has happened except an exchange of correspondence between the Board of Trade and the Railway Company. The toll taken of life as a result of official procrastination is too terrible to contemplate.

An Unnecessary Evil.

In spite of the fact that the parish contains dozens of Army huts, empty since the war, a man, wife and six children are dragging out their existence as best they can in a stable loft, at Freshwater, Isle of Wight. Many other families are jumbled together in one or two rooms. Surely, a hut, be it ever so humble, would be more homely than a loft.

Change of Luck.

For nearly six years in France and Ireland, Lieut. Joyce served without a scratch. Then his luck changed. At the artillery camp, Merioneth, a detonator exploded in his hand, and reduced the side of his left arm to pulp. He also sustained ten wounds in his right hand, and twenty-two wounds in his legs. Inscrutable are the workings of fate.

How the Poor Live.

While on every hand houses stand empty—decorated with "For Sale" notices, a couple with two children and a third shortly expected, living in one small room, a consumptive man and his wife with six children occupying two rooms upstairs, and another couple with six children downstairs, were mentioned as the population of a house at Willesden. How much longer is this scandalous artificial housing shortage to be allowed to continue?

An Eye to Business.

The Rev. T. Hartley Jackson, Vicar of St. Michael and St. George's, Fulwell, Middlesex, knew what he was about when he decided to adopt the rôle of an ice-cream vendor on Hampton Court Green, in aid of the 100,000 shillings fund for his church. The ice-cream trade is one of the most profitable, several hundreds per cent. being no unusual return for the original outlay. But we are by no means sure "Italian Jack" will be pleased with the Rev. Jackson.

Waiting and Watching.

The story of the demented French war-widow who has sat outside the Aubervilliers Gate of Paris from dawn till dusk for eight years, watching for the return of her husband is infinitely pathetic, but not more so han the long-drawn vigil of many sane women in England who wait in vain for the release of their husbands and sons from the horrors of incarceration as paupers in lunatic asylums. Must their appeal for more humane treatment of their stricken loved ones remain unanswered?

A Profitable Example.

It would have been interesting to see the look of mild surprise on the Postmaster-General's face when he found that lower postal rates had resulted in a handsomely increased revenue for his Department. In four months the increase amounted to £2,300,000, as compared with the corresponding period of last year. A similar result would follow a reduction in the railway passenger rates, if the directors would only have the wisdom to see it at once.

Loved, But Overworked.

It is a cruel circumstance when a man is forced by poverty to overwork a horse for which he has a sincere affection; and we are glad that Mr. Cairns, the Old Street Magistrate, saw his way to deal sympathetically with the old man brought before him for such an offence. Our principles are of the sternest where cruelty to animals is concerned; but we fear we should have melted had we seen the old man kiss his beloved horse outside the Court, on its being restored to him to be turned out.

Teaching a Brute.

Herbert Fryer, a Brigg farmer with a penchant for torturing animals, has been at his old games again. This time he packed fowls so tightly in crates that one of them died. The Hull magistrates fined him £40, which should teach the brute a lasting lesson. He takes a lot of teaching, however, for he has had no fewer than seven previous convictions for ill-treating animals.

Without Foundation.

There seems no doubt that some reasonable check will have to be placed upon big Derby lotteries. A miner named Chorlton, of Castletown, Sunderland, threw up his work six months ago, and declared that he had won a huge sum in a lottery. There was, however, no truth in the story, and he ended up by throwing himself in the river—a victim, alas, of sensational publicity!

A Jolly Good Fellow.

We take off our hat to the philanthropic Hull landlord, who, owning sixteen houses and a shop in a working-class district, not only allows his tenants to live rent free, but also pays their rates for them. He, who probably has sufficient of this world's goods for his needs, has hit on a novel way of helping his fellows, and doubtless has had the blessings of his lucky—and we hope, deserving—tenants.

The Three Stages.

John Wilson started his career well, but continued it badly. As a chemist, he had a splendid character, until he gave way to drink, when he had to plead guilty at the Manchester City Sessions to housebreaking. The Recorder bound him over for twelve months, if he abstained from drink. Such a sentence is as commendable as its broadmindedness. It gives Wilson a chance to end up well.

What a Farce!

The ways of the War Office are past understanding. The latest discovery of the tabbed ones is that an orderly-room-quartermaster-sergeant—who, by the way, is often the colonel's right-hand man—is ineligible for promotion to a commission as quartermaster. And orderly-room sergeants have risen to the command of regiments and battalions!

Training in Time.

The French Government are fostering interest in aviation among boys by making it possible for them to get a long trip for ten shillings. The idea is to turn them into budding pilots at an age when they are most impressionable to acts of adventure. Our own Aviation Department might well take a leaf out of our Ally's book.

Well Earned.

In sentencing a drunken Notting Hill 'axi-driver named Nicholas to seven days' gaol, the Marylebone magistrate, Mr. Radcliffe Cousins, remarked that the sentence was "meant partly as a punishment to Nicholas and partly as a deterrent to others." The punishment was earned and the deterrent is needed. A drunken man in charge of any sort of motor-vehicle imperils his own life as well as the lives of the public.

A Gallant Girl.

It is glorious to find heroism in children. Therefore we should all be proud of Gladys Clarke, of Church Street, Paddington—a schoolgirl, thirteen years of age, who dived twice, fully clothed, into the Regent's Canal, and saved the life of a little boy of four. As is characteristic of the brave, she made light of her achievement; but it is to be hoped that it will be suitably recognised in the usual quarters.

GIRLS ON THE PIER

by ARNOLD BENNETT.

YOU see those two young women coming forth from the boarding-house. Perhaps if you are by nature critical you do not think much of them; but I am here to tell you that they are worth looking at, that they are admirable self-creations, that indeed they are marvels of skill and ingenuity.

It has been stated that a woman cannot dress really well on less than ten thousand a year. Possibly. But these two girls keep themselves, they do not earn more than five pounds a week between them, they have saved the railway fares and the living expenses for their annual holiday, and in addition they have made themselves smart. This it is which is marvellous.

They are tremendously out to attract, and they do attract. (In this great matter they have understood the value of white on a sunny day, and it is sunny.) Watch them go on the pier, where flags are flying, penny-in-the-slot machines are clicking, and the band is playing. You might imagine that butter would not melt in their mouths, but you would be mistaken.

Now, you see those two young men, equally smart. Oh, regular dogs in their way! The two couples pass and re-pass. Will the white girls deign to glance at the smart young men? Not they. Apparently the young men do not exist for them. The white girls go back to the boarding house for tea. But at night somehow, mysteriously, inexplicably, perhaps over the hazard of a slot-machine, these two couples have mingled into a foursome.

You ask me, suspicious, whether they have been introduced. Well, they have not. Only in certain circles do people have to be introduced, just as only in certain circles do people have to pay calls and leave cards. These two young women protect themselves and maintain the conventions, by being together. Alone, neither of these would dream of not snubbing effectively any smart young man who had the audacity to advance.

The next day all four go for a walk. In the evening they dance. The day after they go for a walk and return in two separate pairs, and one pair (the girl with the thin ankles makes half of it) have now and then dropped from their continual back-chat into genuine seriousness, each trying to comprehend what the other really is.

And on the following day the girl with the thin ankles emerges from the boarding-house in a dream. She sees the contents-bills of the newspapers blazing with mighty world events, and she treats them as trifles. An illustrated advertisement in a picture paper is far more to her than the ruin of a great nation. As for the town the apparatus of pleasure, the pier, the flags, the band, the sea itself—they are naught but the setting for her private business.

You protest that the silly little thing has lost her sense of perspective. Not at all. Hers is the breed perspective. Her private business is the supreme business of nature, incalculably more important than anything else.

THE "COUNT" AND HIS LADY FRIENDS

Saving the Faces of Exalted Individuals

A SENSATION of a sort has been caused by the police action in hinting to an individual, modestly described as Count de Luzarraga that his prompt departure from London would relieve them of a regrettable necessity, and much has been made of the mystery surrounding the case. The real mystery is the manner in which the might and majesty of the law were mobilised to serve the private ends of certain exalted individuals in what was after all only a private quarrel.

The chief parties to this quarrel are the "Count" and two ladies, mother and daughter, belonging to a noble house. And the "Count," as he has been incorrectly described, is not the usual type of comic-opera Continental nobleman. There runs in his veins some of the bluest blood in the world, and the trail of shame and dishonour leading from this incident leads to the steps of a throne occupied by one of the proudest royal families in Europe.

He and the younger lady met some time ago and became very firm friends until a few days ago, when they failed to see eye to eye regarding their relationship. Many harsh words were used. On one side there was talk of blackmail, on the other of the spite and vengeance of an angry woman. At this stage the mother of the lady in the case came on the scene and shortly afterwards the aid of the authorities was sought.

On the side of the offended lady there was sufficient influence to set the law in motion in a manner undoubtedly irregular and more suggestive of the traditions of the Continental Secret Police than of British practice. The "count" was bluffed into packing his luggage by the threat of what might follow his refusal—a threat made possible because of an incident of many years ago, as well as certain facts that had come to light regarding his association with different people in this country during his visits.

Involved in the case also is another woman, who up to quite recently enjoyed a measure of popularity as a public entertainer. She also received a visit from the police and was urged for her own sake to return to the land of her birth. She also found it convenient to take the hint, and she took it with even more alacrity than her titled friend.

If the case were limited to this private quarrel involving these four people it might be dismissed as a matter for mirth, but there is much more behind it all than appears on the surface, and it is for this reason that interested parties are striving hard to hush up the whole affair.

The plain truth is that behind this strange case there is a very grave scandal involving the good names of prominent men and women who bear names that should be free from all taint of suspicion or dishonour, and there stands in danger of exposure a little coterie of dope-dealing, degenerate and degraded devotees of a cult so vile that its practices can only be hinted at in print.

In addition to these dealers in moral poison there are others who have trafficked openly in cocaine and the other drugs of which we hear so much when a tragedy such as that of poor Billie Carleton comes to light. "Dope" orgies and evils even more revolting are practised by the degenerates, whose one fear is that out of this case may come the exposure they dread.

The facts are well known to the authorities, and they could make more than one of the gang amenable to the law, but they are not only concerned to keep the facts secret, but actually do their best to screen the guilty. Throughout they have shown an astonishing consideration for those involved, and a strange reluctance to set the law in motion against them. There are a number of questions that call for immediate answer in relation to this case and the scandal that lies behind it:—

Who are the highly-placed people who make such free use of the law to induce embarrassing friends to leave the country?

Why are individuals alleged to be guilty of severely punishable crimes given an opportunity of escaping from justice, and even appealed to to make matters easier for the authorities by escaping?

Why should the resources of the law be used and even strained to shield people who shrink from publicity?

The particular forms of vice associated with this case are supposed to be engaging the close attention of the police, and less-highly-placed persons involved are from time to time dealt with, but apparently one has only to belong to a certain set in Society, to have highly-placed friends, to be certain of immunity from punishment if guilty, or from publicity if only mixed up in the scandals through the faults of friends or associates.

There are features of the case that suggest that the tenderness for the susceptibilities of highly-placed people displayed in the case of Ronald True is now becoming part of the policy of those who control the Home Office, and the demand for a full inquiry into all the facts connected with this case is insistent.

LOVE'S APPEAL

Saving a Lost Soul

WHEN Florence Weale, of Merthyr, stood in the dock friendless and alone, charged with stealing two purses, there was no doubt as to her guilt. In addition, there were other complaints of lost purses for which Weale was held responsible. In fact, the deputy chief constable, John Williams, stated that she had given the police no end of trouble.

For three years she was in a Borstal institution, and she had also been bound over for another charge of theft. The duty of the Bench was quite clear. Florence Weale would have to receive an exemplary punishment for her misdeeds. There seemed to be no way of escape.

Presently the atmosphere of the dingy court became charged with suppressed excitement. A young collier stepped into the witness box, and declared he was deeply attached to the girl. "If you will give her a chance," he said, "I'll marry her."

Salvation or damnation—which? The girl's fate hung in the balance. Then the stipendiary spoke: "He wants to make you his wife. We are going to accede to his appeal," and a fine and a formal binding over brought the drama to an end.

Florence was as a brand plucked from the burning, and she has her chance. There may be one less criminal in the making!

LIVES SACRIFICED FOR DIVIDENDS

Facts the P. and O. Co. Must Face

DESPITE their despicable endeavours to wriggle out of the responsibility for the appalling loss of life in disaster to the *Egypt*, the directors of the P. and O. Company stand convicted on every count. By their policy of indiscriminately employing Lascars because three coloured men can be secured for the price of one white seaman, these prosperous money-grabbers have directly placed dividends before life.

Sir Leslie Scott, Solicitor General, in a remarkable speech dealing with the recent unconvincing inquiry, in which the chief witnesses had been carefully rehearsed regarding the "whitewashing" evidence that they were to give, told the unvarnished truth. He said that the officials on the *Egypt* were only to blame as far as they were acting under the instructions of the company. The ultimate responsibility rested with the Chairman of the P. and O. for allowing such a state of affairs to exist. Profits had been watched more than the safety of the thousands of passengers who place themselves in the company's hands. As Mr. James Cotter, Director of the Amalgamated Marine Workers Union, pointed out at the inquiry, for years the company has exploited the Bombay market, employing as much Asiatic labour as possible owing to the economy thus effected.

To a large extent they are responsible for the inglorious fact that amongst the 240,000 seamen employed on ships, apart from Chinamen, 72,000 are coloured men such as Arabs, Asiatics, and Greeks. In view of the recent glaring example of the terror-stricken incapability of such scum in face of danger, those who go down to the sea in ships may well feel disquietude regarding their safety.

The P. and O. Directors must stop employing coloured men at once, or they should be forced by the Government to do so. They are a grave danger not only to the safety of our liners, but the highest traditions of British seamanship.

Flinging the onus of the responsibility for the shocking scenes on the sinking *Egypt* on the shoulders of the gallant British officers and crew is not going to shield the Directors of the P. and O. Co. Sir Frank Notley and his associates preferred to adopt this sneaking subterfuge rather than face the facts from the Board Room table like white men.

Public opinion demands that passenger life at sea be protected against a cheeseparing policy that constitutes a grave menace to those who sail in ships with cheap but coloured cowards.

SHADY FINANCIER

A Camberwell Trickster

TAKING a case that has come to our notice as an example, we should imagine that M. Preston, 58, Camberwell Road, London, S.E. 5., who describes himself as a financier, has discovered an easy way of making money.

More than a month ago one of our readers, in need of a little ready cash, seeing one of Preston's advertisements in a Welsh paper, wrote asking for a loan of £50.

The financier replied immediately, enclosing a printed application form. Following the return of this our reader received another quick reply requesting the payment of 10s. "to cover expenses," which was duly forwarded and acknowledged.

Having obtained the 10s., this so-called financier of Camberwell has maintained an ominous silence.

It may be that Preston is too busy dealing with the applications from other clients—too deeply engrossed in the fascinating game of counting up the number of 10s' postal orders arriving each day, and wondering how many more mugs he can count on.

We have tried to get in touch with Preston on the telephone. On his cheap-looking note-paper he gives his number as Hop. 6388. But the answer from the exchange is that there is no such number in existence. Obviously Preston is a man the police would like to know.

HOLIDAY SEASON

THE LONG-SUFFERING WORLD: "Ah! if this ancient controller of mine would only take a holiday—a nice long, permanent one!"

Our Weekly KINEMA

Friend Poincaré no doubt feels sore
At such a situation,
But still it's just a case once more
Of "splendid isolation."

Duke Cyril claims the Russian Throne
Tho' many would refuse it;
We know that if it were our own
We'd take it out and lose it.

We tax-payers may well demur
At Waste that so immense is,
When Ministers may now incur
Unlimited expenses.

It's hard to find a surer way
One's spirits gay to damp,
Than spending all one's holiday
Beneath a spreading gamp.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities.

To General W. BRAMWELL BOOTH,
Salvation Army.

DEAR GENERAL,—Although you can't find anything in the New Testament forbidding smoking you declare with conviction that "up there" it is prohibited. The omission from the New Testament is scarcely remarkable, seeing that smoking was unknown till sixteen centuries after it was written, but you shouldn't jump to the conclusion that everything you don't approve of is automatically regarded with disfavour by the Almighty and *vice versa*. For instance, it is extremely probable that in a future state of happiness discordant brass bands will be barred. JOHN BULL.

To Councillor DAWSON,
Rochdale.

DEAR SIR,—At your instigation all free literature advocating various political and sectarian ideas has been barred from your Public Library. You came to the conclusion that unless the flood of stuff of this sort was stopped, the library would rapidly become a mere dumping ground for propagandists. Rochdale is not the only place where cranks and faddists try to cram their theories down other people's throats, and I should like to see your example followed elsewhere. JOHN BULL.

To H. BROOME, Esq.,
Chairman of the Board of Guardians, Kingston.

SIR,—I warn you that anyone who tries to snub the Press is asking for trouble. Bigger men than you have tried it, and lived to regret their action. Apparently you and your brother Guardians have been trying to wrap your doings in a veil of secrecy because your views and the views of the local newspapers do not coincide. The voice of the Press is usually the voice of the People, and if I were a Kingston ratepayer your attitude would cause me considerable uneasiness. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Rev. H. L. WILD, D.D.,
Bishop of Newcastle.

MY LORD BISHOP,—Your views on Sunday recreation and Sunday labour seem to me eminently sound. You hold that the people's leisure on Sundays is best spent in contact with nature, but on the other hand you condemn the selfishness of those who develop their Sunday amusements to an extent that deprives their servants of the opportunity either of worship or rest. There will always be nigger-drivers in this world, but there are far more of the other sort, and I am glad you have a word of praise for the Sunday golfers who dispense with a caddy. I am one of them! JOHN BULL.

To Major F. A. C. CLAUGHTON,
Secretary, Royal Humane Society, London.

SIR,—Your Society does most admirable work but it seems to me that its life-saving rules have too much red-tape about them. Mr. Reader, of Hackney, rescued a man from the Lea, but you have declined to make any award because the rescue was effected from a boat. As there is a grant for boatmen who recover a dead body, this rule of yours is illogical and I think awards should be given when the rescue is one of a long series, as in this case. The idea that anybody is worth more dead than alive is one which your Society should not encourage.
JOHN BULL.

Postcard to Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.,
Friston-on-Sea.

The Public Accounts Committee have criticised you severely for demanding from the Treasury a blank cheque for the expenses of your "mission" to Cairo last year. Quite right. If Ministers don't set an example how can they expect underlings in the Civil Service to be economical? JOHN BULL.

To Councillor NEWTON,
Highways Committee, Derby.

SIR,—Apparently the house-to-house collection of refuse in Derby, for which you are responsible, is not all it ought to be. It is infrequent and irregular, and consequently a danger to health. I should advise you to devote yourself to improving this public service instead of fulminating against kind-hearted people who give the dustman an occasional glass of beer. Scavenging is thirsty work.
JOHN BULL.

To A. J. C. MACKARNESS, Esq.,
Clerk to the Magistrates, Petersfield.

SIR,—There is not the slightest doubt that the Bishop of Winchester had public feeling behind him when he protested against the scandalous leniency of your Bench in merely fining a lad of 19 for an indecent assault upon a little girl of seven. The fine having been paid by his master, this young blackguard goes absolutely unpunished. Your effort to snub the Bishop for his very proper interference will not gain you any sympathy. If the accused man had been innocent I presume the Bench would not have fined him. As they found him guilty their failure to punish him was a public scandal at which the Bishop had every right to express the public indignation. JOHN BULL.

To Rev. RALPH W. DOYLE,
Clerical Professor.

SIR,—I don't know what a clerical professor is, but it is a job that evidently hasn't given you much knowledge of the world. John Hawtin, a Turf Agent, whom you met in a Brighton Pullman and chummed up with, clearly had no difficulty in spotting you for a "mug," because at a subsequent meeting he got £100 out of you on the plea that he had staked that amount for you and won £400. If you had just replied by demanding the £300 difference, as any ordinary mortal would have done, you wouldn't have had the uncomfortable experience of appearing in the police court to prosecute him. Nor, as you now know, would you have got the £300.
JOHN BULL.

To W. H. LEYCESTER, Esq., Magistrate,
Bow Street Police Court, W.C.

SIR,—I recently had to criticise you for undue leniency at Marylebone, so I am all the more pleased to congratulate you on your display of humanity during your first day at Bow Street. When a pretty girl of twenty-one was charged for importuning in the West-End, you postponed sentence for a month and offered to help the poor girl to a happier mode of earning her living. Some of your predecessors would have sent her to prison and wrecked for ever all chances of her reform. Yours is by far the more effective way of purifying the streets. JOHN BULL.

To Rev. ARTHUR MONTFORD, Church of Ascension,
Lavender Hill, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—"Hymns Ancient and Modern" have incurred your severe displeasure. You call some of it "nauseating rubbish with contemptible tunes," and you consider that one-third of the book should be scrapped forthwith. I'm inclined to agree with you, and I admire your candour in lashing out, but your jeer at the people who sing these hymns strikes me as in rather bad taste, especially in a parson who profits by their contributions. You can't expect to find the Oxford accent in *every* member of a Battersea congregation. JOHN BULL.

Postcard to Councillor A. STARK, Hull.

In swimming out, fully clothed, 100 yards at Withernsea and rescuing a woman bather in distress in a rough sea you did a fine action. The Hull Labour Party is to be congratulated upon such a sturdy representative. JOHN BULL.

Your luggage in hotel or boarding house is protected if you are insured with JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

by The Editor

The European Deadlock

THE British Press for the past week or so has been engaged, almost without exception, in the elegant task of flinging brickbats at M. Poincaré. But there are two sides to the question. The French Prime Minister may be a sadly deluded individual, but there was nothing in his proposals which need have taken our breath away.

The gist of his scheme, as we understand it, is that the Treaty of Versailles having been in existence for more than three years, it is about time something was done to enforce it. We gather indeed that, left to himself, M. Poincaré would demand from the Germans "the uttermost farthing" and, if necessary, would "search their pockets for it." These demands may be very dramatic and original, but somehow or other we seem to have heard it all before. But the accents last time were British, not French, the voice not that of M. Poincaré, but of our own Premier.

Since the Armistice, France has had more than one Premier but only one policy, while Great Britain has had one Premier only but more policies than we care to count. The policy in regard to German Reparations which M. Poincaré is now abused for advocating is in all essentials the identical policy with which Mr. Lloyd George faced the electors in December, 1918.

The threats that if Germany defaulted in her payments, the Allies would occupy the Ruhr Basin, levy toll upon the mines of Westphalia, impound the timber of the Rhine forests and set up a special Customs barrier for the collection of taxes from the German people, were the common bluster of Coalition platforms.

What are we to think, then, of the part played by Mr. Lloyd George? Was he honestly persuaded three years ago that it is possible to "make Germany pay," or was he not? If he was, he has changed his mind with a rapidity which scarcely enhances his reputation for statesmanship. If, on the other hand, he thinks to-day as he thought three years ago, the British people were tricked and fooled by their trusted leader.

Mr. Injustice Shortt

IT is generally accepted that before the end of the Parliamentary recess a judgeship will be vacant and that it will be filled by the appointment of the present Home Secretary, Mr. Edward Shortt, K.C., M.P. Perhaps, therefore, we had better consider this gentleman's qualifications for the Judicial Bench.

They are dismally far to seek. Indeed, in enumerating the qualities which might recommend Mr. Shortt for the post soon to be vacated by the retirement of Mr. Justice Bray, we are rather in the position of the schoolboy who, asked to write an essay upon snakes in Ireland, could get no further than saying, "There are no snakes in Ireland." For in the course of his whole career, whether at the Bar or in Parliament, the right honourable Member for West Newcastle-on-Tyne has never, as far as we are aware, evinced the least aptitude for judicial preferment.

An undistinguished practitioner on the Northern Circuit, though a useful Party hack, Mr. Shortt was pitchforked into office at a time of national stress, and within the past few months the whole country has clamoured for his dismissal. His record as a Minister of the Crown has been one of humdrum mediocrity, and it is literally true to say that it is only his blunders that have made him famous.

That such a man should be offered a judgeship as a consolation for his forced removal from high political office is a public scandal of the first magnitude. On the whole the Judicial Bench of this country deserves its high reputation for ability and honour, and the proposal to associate the name of Mr. Shortt with that of its trusted occupants should evoke a spirited public protest. Above all, a judge must love justice, and for that high quality the Home Secretary has repeatedly betrayed a smirking contempt.

At times a judge may justly lean to mercy, but the simple claim of human compassion has never wrung a concession from Mr. Shortt.

While there are a score of men at the Bar of high ability and unimpeachable character eligible for the Bench, it is a disgrace that this "rusty" lawyer, with his long record of failure as a Minister of Justice should be thus honoured. Not in ermine, but in sackcloth Mr. Shortt should sit.

The Poison of Prohibition

WE may assume that Lady Astor's zeal for Prohibition has not altogether stifled her natural feeling for her fellow countrymen, and she may therefore be interested to know how they are faring under the rule of her beloved Pussyfoot.

According to a report lately issued by the Chief Medical Examiner of New York City, chronic alcoholism is actually on the increase in that "dry" community, the deaths from this cause showing an advance of 89 per cent. on the preceding year. And no wonder. For the New York Medical Officer goes on to say what some folks are drinking in place of beer and whisky, and the catalogue is one to evoke a shudder.

Under the beneficent sway of Pussyfoot unpurified alcohol, with liberal admixtures of creosote, benzine, kerosene and petroleum, is widely retailed in the guise of honest liquor, and if people die through drinking it, it is, we suppose, their own fault for being so wicked as to want to drink at all.

At any rate, it is their funeral, and the British working man who likes a glass of beer and is not ashamed to say so will be well advised to give a wide berth to "Local Option" and other cunning devices for introducing the thin end of the Prohibition wedge.

The effect of Prohibition in the United States has been not to stop the sale of liquor but to restrict its consumption to the well-to-do classes who can afford to compensate those who will run the risk of engaging in an illegal traffic. The warning is plain.

The Housing Scandal

IN his efforts to be a "good European" and play the role of peacemaker in world affairs, Mr. Lloyd George must not forget that there is a place on the map called Great Britain. Once upon a time, as the story books say, it was quite a decent land to live in, but that was before the guns went off and blew our peace and comfort to the winds.

Since then we have had a bitter lesson in the cost of war, made none the sweeter by the failure of a supine Government to redeem its reckless pledges. It has come to this, that the average citizen, if he can earn a bare livelihood and keep a roof over his head must count himself a lucky man. The house famine shows no signs of abating, and tenants are eagerly waiting to know whether the operation of the Rents Act is to be extended for a further period, or whether nine months from now they are to be handed over to the tender mercies of the profiteer.

The problem is one which goes right down to the roots of our national life, having its sharp reaction upon the health and morals, the peace and contentment of the people. It is the gnawing ache of homelessness and hunger, far more than any definite propaganda of sedition, which goads men and women into the paths of revolution. So often the supreme tasks of statesmanship are simple business problems whose neglect spells ruin.

In the effort to find a solution and in the hope that we may succeed where the bureaucrats have failed, we shall open our columns during the next few weeks to a free and full discussion of the housing problem.

The French king whose modest social programme demanded merely that "every peasant should have a chicken in his pot," might have given a valuable lesson to some of our modern politicians. The British statesman who can ensure that every citizen shall have a decent house to sleep in at night and a steady job to go to in the morning, will have won imperishable renown.

A Police Outrage

AT Burton-on-Trent the other evening sixty people, including twenty-eight women, were simultaneously arrested and marched off to the police station. Their crime was that they had taken part in a whist-drive in connection with which a few prizes of no great value were offered.

It is quite possible, of course, that elsewhere in Burton, while this harmless game was in progress, the burglar was busy burgling, unwatched by the lynx eye of the law, but the energies of the police were diverted from their proper channel for the purpose of "making an example" of sixty respectable citizens, under our absurd Gaming Laws.

There is nothing exceptional in the episode, and although the offenders, who were detained at the police station till midnight, may feel justly aggrieved, they have no remedy. The amazing thing is that the British public should tolerate this sort of thing with no more than an occasional flicker of protest.

HUTCHINSON TYRES

ARE YOUR SAFEGUARD ON THE ROAD

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ALL THE CRACK RIDERS OF TO-DAY, including :—Sheard and Grinton and H. R. Davies (A.J.S.) ; Dance (Sunbeam) Davidson and Dixon (Indian) ; Davison (Levis) ; Emerson and Pullin (Douglas) ; Graham Walker and Shaw and Horsman and Hubert Harnell and Vanderwell (Horton) ; Le Vack and Riddoch (Zenith) ; Marchant (Sheffield-Henderson) ; Temple (Harley-Davidson) ; Longman (Scott) ; Whalley (Massey-Arran) ; North (O.K.) ; and many others, trust to Hutchinson.

THERE MUST BE A REASON

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ALLAWAY'S LAST LETTERS

"I shall never give up hope"

ALTHOUGH the Court of Appeal decided not to interfere with the verdict of the jury who found Allaway guilty of the murder of Miss Irene Wilkins at Bournemouth, the condemned man has not yet given up hope of escaping the gallows. From the moment he was arrested he has never ceased to protest his innocence, and the fact that a large number of people have come forward to sign the petition to the Home Secretary asking for a reprieve, is just another illustration of the sympathy shown by the big-hearted British public towards a doomed man when there is an element of doubt about his guilt.

"Never," say the warders, "have we seen a condemned man so hopeful of something turning up to prove his innocence. There is a fortitude about the man that bears the stamp of innocence."

Below we publish two of the last letters written by Allaway from the condemned cell. No comment is needed. They speak for themselves :—

"My dearest Mother, Brother and Sister, just these few lines hoping and trusting to find you all in the best of health and spirit. I am pleased to say I am feeling fairly well myself; in fact, as well as could be expected under these most trying circumstances. I do hope and trust, dear Mother, that you are alright. I am longing to see you, dear, and if it is possible do come and see me. I know it has been a great expense to you all, and I quite understand the expense it will be to come all the way to see me here, and, dear Mother, I must and do greatly appreciate all you have done for me. I am writing to May (his wife) to ask her to come down with you, and as you already have the visiting form there will be no need for me to apply for another one.

"Dear Mother, I particularly want to see you together, and Frank (brother) if possible, as I have something very important to say to you. There is no need to tell you that it has been a terrible blow to me, and I hardly dare to think what it must mean to you all at home. But we must all bear up and have faith in God. I myself have prayed night and day and with a clear conscience. I shall never give up hope.

"Dear Mother, please excuse this short note, and please give my best regards to all in M.K., and thank them very much for their most kind thoughts towards me in my trouble, and tell them I appreciate it very much. I hope, dear Mother, my little Gladys is alright and happy along with you, and God bless her and keep her from harm.

"Well, dear Mother, I must close, so hoping and trusting to see you soon, fondest love and God bless you. Please come as soon as possible. Your loving son, TOM."

"My Dear Frank, many thanks for your most welcome letter received this morning. I am so glad to hear you are all keeping fit and well at home. I am so thankful to think you all believe in my innocence, and please God, Frank, I hope and trust something will turn up to prove it before it is too late."

"Dear Frank, I have arranged with the Governor for a pass to be sent for you, May and Mother to come and see me. Will you let May know as soon as you can when you are coming down. There won't be any need for her to go to London, it would save a lot of expense if she met you here. Do let her know in good time, Frank, so you can all be together.

"If Jack and Queenie would like to come down after, I could easily get a pass for them. Come as soon as you can as I am longing to see you to have a chat, there is so much I want to ask.

"Please excuse short note. I cannot express my feelings here on paper, and I know you will all understand, it is sufficient for me to know you all believe in me. Will close now, dear brother. Cheer up, and fondest love to all at home. I have still very great faith in God. Your affectionate brother, TOM."

TEA SHOP TEMPTRESSES

Dimly Lighted Dens of Delilahs.

MANY a young man fresh to London can date his swift course down the slippery path of vice from his first descent of the steep staircase leading to a dimly-lighted underground tea-shop.

Not long ago considerable interest was aroused by police court proceedings against several young women responsible for the "Mocha" smoking café in Ironmonger Lane. It was shown in evidence given by police officers, who had repeatedly visited the place in plain clothes, that the relations between customers and the girls employed ostensibly as waitresses were far more intimate than was necessitated by the ordinary business of a tea-shop, and a conviction was very rightly recorded.

Soon afterwards the establishment changed hands and has since been conducted in a perfectly respectable manner.

But if it is imagined that this was an isolated case, and that there are now no such places of dubious character in existence, a little quiet investigation will quickly prove the contrary.

The City's square mile contains more than one innocent-looking tea-shop which is in reality nothing but a den of Delilahs—a resort where the lascivious tastes of moneyed old roués are pandered to, and foolish youths with more cash than commonsense are lured into ways of vice.

Not without reason is the refreshment tariff exceptionally high. The visitor is accommodated in a cosy corner dimly lighted by shaded lamps which create a warm, voluptuous atmosphere, and attended to by a young woman in an unnecessarily décolleté gown. She not only pours out his tea, but manifests a distinct desire to sit with him or, with little or no encouragement, on his knee. Having gone thus far, she will complacently accept caresses and endearments, and hint at the good time that may be had at somebody's flat.

Not very far from Chancery Lane there is an establishment—below ground, as usual—into which one should not venture, unless one has a taste for questionable pleasantries and unseemly behaviour. Pronounced familiarities between obvious habitués of the place and the girls who wait upon them, who are of anything but the timid flower type, take place even in the presence of a stranger, and are a sufficient indication of the real character of this cakes and kisses establishment.

We may ask when the police are going to make a systematic inspection of all these places, in which many a decent young man with no idea of any real harm is more than likely to find his initiation into a department of life which he will bitterly regret.

We hold the name of the particular establishment to which we have referred at their disposal. It is only one of several in which the same exotic atmosphere, the same mischievous suggestiveness, the same excitement of decadent passions, form the chief attraction to their patrons. If they are not actually disorderly houses, they are ante-chambers to haunts of vice in which old sinners are encouraged and young ones are created.

WHY DOCTORS CANNOT CURE

Floored by the Common Cold

by CLIVE NORTON

CAN doctors really cure any of the myriad diseases and ills to which human flesh is liable, or can they not?

The question, on the face of it, seems rather a fatuous one to ask considering the untold millions who fall sick each year, call in the doctor, recover and go back to work. More futile still when one considers the hundreds and thousands of highly educated men and women who constitute the medical registers of the world, and the efforts they exert to eliminate the slightest taint of quackism from their ranks.

But the question occurred and was answered in no uncertain fashion during the course of a very remarkable conversation I had recently with one of our most famous medical practitioners.

It began by his gentle deprecation of the use of the word "cured" in a reference I made to a friend of mine being cured of typhoid by a friend of his. "Pardon me," he said, "cured is quite a wrong word to use in that connection. To be perfectly candid, the medical profession does not claim to cure—we merely assist patients to recovery. The curing is done by nature's own remarkable powers of resistance and recuperation. The doctor has very little to do with it; the body cures itself.

"HAVE you ever heard of a man being cured of a fever? Of course not! He gets over it, certainly, and might possibly have died but for the doctor's skill, but certain sure it is that the doctor does not cure—he cannot. All the doctor can do is to fight to keep the temperature down, but the fever must run its course, hour by hour, up to the crisis, and day by day back to convalescence. Doctors merely buttress up nature's own forces that are working to overthrow the illness.

"And so with every other malady that does not call for the surgeon's knife. The surgeon cures by eradication, but you cannot eradicate a germ. Nature, with proper assistance, will expel it from the body herself, and even when the cure is complete, billions of germs are left. Why! We cannot even cure a sore! We can only cleanse it and keep it clean until such time as nature herself chooses to heal it.

"THERE are some complaints which, for some extraordinary reason, occasion a certain amount of amusement among those who have never experienced their symptoms—gout, lumbago, indigestion, mumps, etc. They are regarded as very ordinary maladies, illnesses of small consequence, yet we are just as far from devising cures for these as we are for cancer, consumption, and all the other possible fatal diseases. The prevailing idea seems to be that these tubercular infections are the only diseases remaining to be conquered by medical science. Nothing could be farther from reality. As a matter of fact, there are hundreds of diseases for which 'bed and low diet' is the only possible prescription.

"The whole question of the cure of disease comes down to these two fundamentals, bed and diet. By feeding the patient with just those foods that experience and experiment have taught us are going to help in the greatest possible measure, either by taking every bit of strain off the digestive organs or by building up the combative power of the system, we assist the patient to throw off the disease after it has run its course. But as for saying we 'cure' it—we can no more do so than we can cure a bunion or a corn.

"WE prescribe medicines and tonics, certainly, drugs that will either strengthen the weakest parts or allay pain, but we have still to compound a specific that will definitely cure a disease. The fact of the matter is, that when a person becomes infected with an illness, that illness remains until such time as the system, strengthened by rest and judicious dieting, is strong enough to throw it off.

"Probably the most general complaint in the world is the common 'cold.' Millions get it two or three times a year, and we cannot 'cure' even that, because we have yet to discover what a cold is. We can no more 'cure' disease than we can 'cure' a dose of poison in a glass."

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

ALL the very clever people profess to be highly diverted by the works of Miss Ethel M. Dell. But in reality the very clever people could never be diverted by anything. They take themselves and their work so terribly seriously that sheer anger at Miss Dell's popularity is far more natural to them than mere amusement at her slightly lurid stories. The priggishness and conceit of these highbrows is quite as comical as the solemnity and self-deification of the "best-sellers," and the only folk who can get any real fun out of the situation are those who prefer humanity to books and don't care a brass farthing whether brows are high or low.

Miss Dell is a quiet, gentle, timid, rather "old-maidish"—though married—but quite charming little lady, who is absolutely and almost passionately sincere. Success has not hardened her; indeed, it has hardly affected her, though it may have strengthened her belief in the reality of her characters. The men and women in her books are, in fact, more real to her than living people. She speaks of them with conviction, and one is left with the impression that they are all staying in the house and might at any moment walk into the room.

THERE is something very naïve, wistful and appealing about the ardency of her belief in the physical existence of these fanciful creations. They are her children, and whatever one's own opinion of them may be, one cannot but admire the enthusiasm with which she rejoices in her mission.

AN ETHEL M. DELL HERO

A CERTAIN gentleman who shall be nameless once called to see her. He went to scoff; and if he did not remain to pray, it was only because he was not of a devotional nature.

"It is a fact," remarked Miss Dell, "that I have never been out of England; yet I experience no difficulty in picturing Eastern scenes. They come naturally."

Her visitor suggested that imagination could do a lot in that way.

"You may call it that if you like," she replied, "but can you account for visions? I sometimes *see* places that I have never been to."

Being unable to account for visions, he changed the subject and asked her whether she could write at any hour of the day.

"No," she said; "there are moments when I feel I cannot put pen to paper, moments when my greatest efforts seem fruitless. I have to be in the proper mood. I have to choose my time."

"If you will forgive my saying so," said her interlocutor, "most of your stories should be filmed."

"On the screen one misses the spoken word," she answered.

"The spoken word," pursued Miss Dell, "is everything."

THE unfortunate man was wondering how he could apologise for his mistake without giving the impression that it was anything more than a slip of the tongue, when the distinguished novelist brought him smartly to attention with: "Don't you think so?"

This so upset his calculations that he promptly forgot what, precisely, he was supposed to think or not to think.

"It's a question of inspiration," he replied.

"But," said Miss Dell, "I never write unless I am inspired."

And that, in a phrase, is the key to her success. She has complete faith in her work.

The Greatest Force in the World

by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

NATURE'S stores of energy are rapidly being released and utilised both for good and ill. The development of mechanical traction and the mastery of the air are of themselves sufficient to revolutionise the habits of mankind, but it may well be that these achievements are small compared with what is shortly to come. Production can be enormously cheapened, dredgery reduced, poverty abolished. Men of science tell us that there is power enough in every grain of dust to work all the machines of a big factory. By and by they will be able to call it forth.

But there is a greater power that requires to be used correspondingly, or the world will inevitably destroy itself by its own discoveries. It is the power of faith—faith in God, in human nature, in the essential goodness and greatness of life. We already know this power in some degree, and we know a little of the wonders it can accomplish, but it is a mere trickle in our experience compared with what it might be.

What is chiefly wrong with mankind to-day is fear. Fear depresses the moral energies as much as faith stimulates them. Men are not as bad as they seem, not as selfish, malignant and ferocious; they are merely frightened; they cannot believe in one another's good intentions. That is why nearly every fresh gain in power over nature's illimitable resources is perverted to purposes of destruction instead of adding to universal well-being.

Trust and confidence and good will all round would solve our most pressing problems in twenty-four hours. It would set trade going again instantly; for bad trade is mainly a paralysis of energy caused by fear, and good trade an increase of energy caused by faith.

WHY BALFOUR BLUNDERED

by

A. G. GARDINER

This article from a brilliant pen will doubtless interest our readers, although we by no means share the whole of Mr. Gardiner's views on the vexed question of International indebtedness.

IT is pretty universally agreed now, that Mr. Balfour's note on the Allied debts was a howler of the first magnitude. How he came to make it is a mystery to the man in the street, but it is not a mystery to those behind the scenes. He was misled by a person whose business it was to know the state of American feeling and who seems to have known as little about it as if he were a hermit in the Sahara.

On the face of it, of course, Mr. Balfour's point was sensible enough. The world is engulfed in a sea of debt. Austria has gone under. Russia has gone under. Germany is going under before our eyes, and the rest are doomed to follow. The only chance for any of us is to cut our losses and swim ashore.

But, said Mr. Balfour in effect, we must all cut our losses together. If France lets Germany off, and we let France, Italy and Russia off, America must let us off. Again, it seems reasonable enough, I think, that if at the time of the Armistice we had made such a proposal to America, it would have been accepted.

The mistake Mr. Balfour made was in telling America that we could only cancel the French debt to us if America cancelled our debt to her. Thank you, says America, but France *can't* pay you and you *can* pay us, and we want our money. It is not a very handsome attitude, but it is natural enough. We all cling to our debts until we discover that they are stones tied round our own necks. America will make the discovery in due time, as we have made it. But she has got to make the discovery herself, and it was a fatal blunder for Mr. Balfour to tell her what she ought to do.

Let us do the big thing ourselves and leave America to follow when she is ready. We cannot wait. Someone has got to give the lead out of the morass into which Europe has sunk, and there is no one to give the lead but ourselves. We cannot afford to wipe out two thousand millions of debt, but we can afford still less to see Europe become derelict and our trade perish. If we cannot make Europe a going concern again, not all the book debts in the world will keep us a going concern ourselves. And who believes that we can collect those debts?

Let us wipe them out, but on one consideration, that the French drop their militarism, send away their black soldiers from Europe, cancel the occupation of German territory, cease their policy of smashing Germany, economically and politically, and set about to help us in restoring peace to Europe.

As for America, let us ask her what goods to the extent of fifty millions a year we have to send in payment of the interest on our debt to her. Will she take cotton goods, woollen goods, machinery, or what? When she sees our debt in that light I do not think she will be long in taking a reasonable view.

WE PUT AND

by HARO

"WHEN the War was ove... pay, and Mr. Lloyd G... four years because he promised ... that uttermost farthing—and ... be searched till our great-gra...

MR. LLO...

LET us cut all the cackle, and get to the 'osses and down to the brass tacks concerning ourselves and Germany. I say *ourselves*. Let us leave France out of the question. Consider France, if you will, the solitary villain of the "peace." Say that she is rapacious, vindictive, mercenary and merciless. Or declare, on the other hand, that France stands for the whole cause and idea of Justice, that she is the only Ally who appears to have a memory, and that she would merely be sane and morally sound if she *were* merciless to an enemy who had shown her no mercy.

Take whatever view of France you like—and then forget all about her for the moment, and get away from the obsession that the whole issue of German reparations stands or falls by what France says, or does, or wants, and spare five minutes to ask the simple, humble question: Where do *we* come in?

WE entered the war the richest nation on earth—with a national debt of seven hundred millions that could have been wiped out twice over in one year of our war taxation. And we came out of the war a debtor nation, with our currency changed from real gold to bits of paper, and with a national debt of seven thousand millions (to say nothing of the American item of another thousand millions) that it will take us a century to wipe out. And how much have we recovered from Germany so far? Relatively, a few coppers.

Take the outstanding figures. The total sum the Allies had the courage to ask from Germany, after two years of her protests and whinings and defiances following on the Versailles Peace, was £6,600,000,000, to be paid in instalments spread over thirty years, as a full discharge of all her liabilities for the Great War. As to the time, thirty years won't see *us* out of war debt: it will take us twenty-five years to pay off America's little account alone. And as to the amount, how does that stand in relation to the costs of the victors?

ITS relation to that gigantic sum may be estimated from the single fact that it is hardly more than half of what America alone spent on the war. Or, again, if taken by yearly instalments, it would fall forty per cent. short, even if we took the whole lot, of our own annual burden in interest on war loans, leaving us, at the end of the thirty years, with as much still to pay as Germany had paid. And how much has Germany so far handed over?

Putting aside goods payments in kind, such as coal and railway trucks, the total amount in hard cash she has so far disgorged is 107 millions sterling (*thirteen millions less than we raise every year in taxing the beer of the British working man*) and even that paltry amount has had to be dragged out of her.

FRANCE has had the lion's share of this amount, but what does it represent to her? It represents only one sixteenth of the amount she has already spent in restoring her devastated territories, whilst waiting for the costive and reluctant Hun to pay up. As for ourselves, what we have received has not even been enough to pay for the small Army of Occupation on the Rhine. That is to say, so far Germany has not even paid the expenses of the broker's man—the British soldier "in possession."

And what has at length brought th... reparations question to "a crisis"?—so tha... at the moment I write there is a Conferenc... sitting at Downing Street, where the Allie... are quarrelling amongst themselves (t... Germany's immense satisfaction) in what ... to be another "final effort" to settle th... question by any means except the righ... means—which is to make Germany "settle." The crisis has arisen because of the refusal ... Germany to pay the paltry instalment of tw... and a half millions due this week, and sh... calmly asks that she shall be relieved of an... further payments until the end of 1924; s... that by the time the tenth anniversary of h... brigand's war comes round she would hav... paid about one week of the Allies' war bill.

FROM these simple facts and figures yo... may know how to estimate the statement... of Germany's English friends (who never us... facts and figures, but are very prodigal ... adjectives) that the Allies are "vindictive ... in pursuing a "senseless policy" of "tryin... to ruin Germany."

And what are the prospects of our ev... receiving a penny more than we have so f... received? They are pretty bad, for a... amazing reason: that those who are charge... to collect the debt are much more anxio... to prove it a bad debt than to make it ... good one. Ever since the Peace Treaty w... signed, our statesmen have been throwing ... their emphasis on whittling down the de... instead of on their determination to collect ... and latterly they have been simply tumbli... over each other in their advocacy that ... should "clean the slate."

OTHERS TAKE

LD OWEN

***we all meant to make Germany
rge has been Prime Minister for
o search the German pockets for
w it is our pockets that are to
sons are grown up."***

GEORGE

You would think, from the competition there is among the politicians to be generous, that we were simply rolling in money. You would think that what Germany owes us had arisen, not from an appalling struggle for life forced upon us, but in some innocent trading account in which we had had the best of the bargain and we wanted to get rid of a debt that haunted our conscience—so anxious are the politicians to clean the slate, so eager to say "That was *my* original idea!"

AT Genoa, Mr. Lloyd George speaks with the utmost sympathy of "an angry Germany" (angry because we have the infernal cheek to ask her to pay about half a crown in the pound of what her infernal adventure cost us), and he comes home from Genoa to propose to France that if she will only be kind to Germany by drastically reducing her bill, we will wipe out our little lot altogether. And Mr. Asquith, not to be outdone in this Dutch auction at our expense, nobly goes one better. "Clean the slate all round!" he nobly says. "Wipe off what Germany owes us!—wipe off everything everybody else owes us! Pay America and everybody else everything we owe, and then we can all call it 'Quits' and start afresh!" How noble! Even a German nobleman could not have nobler sentiments—at our expense.

NEVER was such an orgy of generosity. The one use to which our claim against Germany is *not* put is to urge and press it against Germany in our interest. The one use to which it *is* put is to bribe or threaten France in the interests of Germany: "Cut down your claims by half, and we will let Germany off altogether. Insist on Germany paying you in full, and we will insist that you pay *us* in full."

And so now we can see where we have got to. The biggest war in history is petering out to the biggest swindle in history.

There was not a sane Englishman, there was not even a sane German, who did not expect, whilst the war was being waged and blood and money flowed in deep streams, that if and when Germany lost she would have a century in which to regret her little experiment and "pay up"—and now it is we who are to have the century of impoverishment whilst we pay the price. All through the war Germany steeled herself with the grim thought that the stakes she was playing for were "World Power or Downfall!"—and now the sloppy cry goes up amongst us "Set Germany on her feet!" For four and a half years Europe bled itself white to resist Germany's deliberate effort to enslave it—and now the fatuous cry is raised: "Don't let us ruin our best customer!"

AND when the war was over, we all meant to make her pay, and Mr. Lloyd George has been Prime Minister for four years because he promised to search their pockets for that uttermost farthing—and now it is *our* pockets that are being searched, and must continue to be searched till our great-grandsons are grown up.

That is the point. When the politicians talk of cleaning the slate they delude you with a great imposture. For who is to clean *our* slate? If Germany does not pay, we must. There is no magical financial operation by which "cleaning the slate" for Germany will wipe out the eight thousand millions on our side of the slate. The simple and naked point remains: Who is to pay for the war, even at half a crown in the pound—those who made it and lost it, or those on whom it was forced and who won it?

A FINAL point. For some baffling reason it is assumed that the British working man, above all others, has a tender interest and a noble motive in being kind to Germany. There could be no greater deception practised on a credulous people. The British working man has no cause, in any case, to be indulgent to a race which dragged a million of his race and class to their deaths, which has thrust upon his nation debts and taxation that stifle its industries, and which has put back the clock of social reform for a generation.

For social reforms are those political luxuries which only prosperous States can afford; and Germany, which has brought us down to plain political necessities and a hard diet, is solely and wholly responsible for budgets which must cut down such things as education and housing.

IT is Germany alone who has so disordered our destinies that the great armies which had to be raised to frustrate her blood-lust and brigandage have now left us with nothing to show for our victory but another army—an army of unemployed.

But the "Be kind to Germany!" party is now virtually in control of our official policy—and if there is a bigger and a more shameful irony than that, I can only say that History has at least the decency to be silent on the subject.

WOMEN AND THE PRIESTHOOD

by

The Rev. BASIL BOURCHIER

CAN women legitimately aspire to be ordained in the Church's Ministry? If my answer is an emphatic negative, it is only right and fair that reasons should be produced, and those reasons should be such as will commend themselves to all fair-minded and right-thinking persons.

My first reason for denying the priesthood to woman is that it is contrary to accepted custom and tradition. Woman, may I say this without any sort of disrespect, is strangely illogical. Whatever honour, whatever dignity, and whatever status has accrued to her is the outcome entirely of the teaching of Christ. Take away the influence of that teaching, and the honour and safety of woman would be immediately jeopardised.

Christ found woman a slave, a prisoner, a plaything, but He left her a queen enthroned. Yet, at no time, either by hint or by precept, assigned He to her any function or office in the public ministry of His Church. And my point is this: Woman cannot have it both ways. Owing as she does her emancipation and enfranchisement to Christ, she ought surely to realise that to endeavour to cross the line of demarcation that He has so plainly drawn is unworthy and not playing the game.

Mind you, there is all the difference in the world between women preachers and women priests. In theory they are as far apart as the two poles, but, for myself, I am convinced that the one (if allowed) is logically compelled to lead to the other. Which were a disaster. For any one branch of the Church to sanction this innovation, without reference to the others, would destroy all hope of re-union.

Again, on the lowest ground, women are not physically or by temperament capable of fulfilling the exacting duties of a priest. Nor—and I do beg that unthinking persons will study this phrase—woman (theologically) is not capable of the grace which from time immemorial has been restricted to men, and to men alone, namely, the grace of Holy Order. No use to cite what women have done, and are doing splendidly, in secular spheres.

The priesthood is not a profession. It is a vocation. And any attempt on woman's part to usurp it is bound to do grave disservice to the Church, which, with all its faults, has proved woman's best friend and champion. Many will not believe me, but my opposition to woman in the ministry is dictated solely from the high regard and respect that I have for her.

I am so hopelessly old-fashioned as to believe that when a woman intrudes into man's sphere and activities, wears trousers and plays football, she loses her potency and charm. And the danger to-day would seem to be that, instead of seeking to merit the eulogy aspired to by the greatest Lady who might be called "blessed" by all generations, the modern woman should prefer to be called fashionable!

HAVELOCK WILSON CRINGING TO STINNES

Impudent Coercion of British Sailors

SAILORS are, as a rule, a simple race. They would be more simple than they are supposed to be if they were not up in arms against the haughty and bureaucratic methods employed by their self-styled friend, Mr. J. Havelock Wilson, M.P., the General President of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union.

Mr. Havelock Wilson's idea is that he is the best judge of the trade union to which a British seaman ought to belong. Incidentally, his prejudice is in favour of the union of which he is president and which provides him with a salary that appears quite princely to the average run of those who go down to the sea in ships.

His way of carrying out this idea is, in plain words, a scandal, a piece of oppression to which seamen have not had to submit since the days of the pressgang.

Under an agreement he has made with the Shipping Federation, he can practically force a seaman out of any other union and into his, or deprive him of his job.

A seaman, for example, applying for, and getting, a berth on the ships owned by most of the great lines, is told that under this agreement he must fill up the form known as P.C. 5. There is not much trouble about that. Then he is told that he must go to Wilson's union and get the form stamped. That is where the trouble begins.

He may not belong to Wilson's union. He may not believe in Wilson's methods. He may not have any confidence in the finances of Wilson's organisation. He may belong to some other seaman's trade union. That does not matter. If he is to get the job he must have Wilson's permission and sanction.

So the seaman, who has, it may be, a wife and family to keep, has to face the alternative of losing his freedom or losing his job. That is a definition of slavery.

What Wilson expects too often happens. The man comes back and says that he has no choice. He cannot see his family starve, and he is willing to join Wilson's union.

He is permitted to do so on payment of the entrance fee of £2.

There is not much of the milk of human kindness about the Wilson methods. Speaking of the seaman to his officials, Wilson said bluntly: "If he is backward in his pay, you see to it that he pays up before he gets the P.C. cards. Having done that, you have got your whack."

Liberty or Wilson's "whack"—that is the choice before the simple sailorman. Surely the cherub that sits up aloft and looks after poor Jack has lost his way.

Wilson can be quite candid when he likes, even if he is not very complimentary to those he coerces into his net. "You want to remember," he told his officials, "that twenty per cent. of the men would not pay their contributions to this union unless you were in the position to force them."

There is the doctrine of naked and insolent force, masquerading under the name of Liberty—force at the expense of the seaman's livelihood.

Jack, as we say, is a simple fellow. But he is not a fool. He is asking questions. He wants to know why, if he chooses to belong to the Amalgamated Marine Workers' Union, he should be penalised for doing so.

He wants to know what Mr. J. Havelock Wilson, with his solicitude for the sailor's "whack," was doing when vital questions for the welfare of the seamen were being fought—such as the Plimsoll line, raised by the Government at the risk of the seamen's lives.

He wants to know what right he had to approach Herr Hugo Stinnes when he was in London and invite the assistance of this harsh capitalist, and advocate of German submarine frightfulness, to bring about a meeting between German and British seamen's organisations.

In his letter to Stinnes he boasted that though British public feeling ran high in the war, he persuaded his union to establish a camp for the internment of German seamen and spent sixteen thousand pounds on it.

At the present, German seamen are "suffering"—that is Wilson's word in his letter to "Honoured Sir," as he addressed Stinnes, because they are excluded by an Act of Parliament from British ships.

Wilson seeks a "way out of this difficulty." What do British seamen think of this? Do they know it? Will they stand for it?

Our sailors saved us in the Great War from starvation, saved us from the Stinnes-inspired ruffians who threatened to bring England to her knees by methods of "frightfulness." Many of them died in saving us. Many of them were maimed in their self-sacrificing struggle.

Is their reward to be that they are to be asked to sail as shipmates again with the Hun?

We think we know the British sailor better. He will not do it.

But when methods of coercion are to be applied to him, especially by those who would negotiate with the German capitalists, he demands and deserves protection.

It can only be given effectively by public opinion. On that we believe he can confidently rely.

"No Huns on British ships," should be the seaman's slogan.

NOTHING FOR 5d.

Labour Exchange Injustice

IT is quite apparent that there is something radically wrong with the internal organisation of the Clapham Junction Labour Exchange; something that calls for immediate and drastic revision, for their attitude towards the girls of the Welsbach Mantle Factory is wholly unconstitutional.

These girls, through no fault of the Welsbach Company, are periodically thrown out of employment for days on end, and sometimes weeks. Yet on application at the Clapham Labour Exchange they are callously told that they are not entitled to unemployment benefit.

This money is undoubtedly due to the girls and should be paid to them without delay, no matter how far bumbledom has to humble itself in admitting its error.

For some time past, holidays at the Welsbach Factory have been unavoidably prolonged, and in consequence many of these girls find themselves in very straitened circumstances.

It is in anticipation of such contingencies as this that these girls are called upon by the Government to subscribe to its own insurance scheme, and it is the height of officiousness to withhold the benefits when they become due. The girls have paid their pennies and there should be no delay in paying them their shillings.

THE TABLE OF DEATH

Another Fatal Tonsil Operation

THE mania for cutting out children's tonsils still takes its toll of young life, and although we have already dealt exhaustively with the subject and pointed out the dangers of the indiscriminate use of the surgeon's knife, we cannot refrain from comment on yet another case in which the operating table, which was supposed to restore health, proved a table of death.

The victim was Ivy Annie Jackson, the twelve-year-old daughter of a chauffeur living at Queen's Park, London. She attended the Beethoven School, where the school doctor examined her and stated that she would grow out of the affection of the throat from which she suffered.

Nevertheless, an operation was decided upon, and was carried out by Dr. T. E. B. Meyler, of Kilburn Lane, *in his surgery*. This circumstance alone merits the severest condemnation, and would be regarded with grave disapproval even by the leaders of the throat-cutting surgeons.

At the inquest, the doctor stated that the girl suffered from chronic tonsilar enlargement, and also had an affection of the valves of the heart. He gave her chloroform by the open method. At first she took it well, and he had finished one tonsil when she gave a gasp. He at once stopped the operation and applied artificial respiration, but the breathing ceased altogether and she died on the operating table.

What first strikes one is that if the condition of the child's heart was known before the operation—as it should have been—it is amazing that chloroform should have been administered by the open method.

But the child did not die of heart failure following the administration of a dangerous anæsthetic. Oh, dear, no! She died from "Natural causes." If anyone doubts it, there is the Coroner's verdict to that effect.

Another doctor who made a post-mortem examination said he found fatty degeneration of the heart muscle and incompetence of the mitral valve. He ascribed death to shock accelerated by status lymphaticus, a condition which he informed the Coroner could not be discovered during life.

He did not inform him that all young people have larger lymph glands than adults, or that it was reported that most of the young men who were killed in the war had status lymphaticus, too. But then they died on the battlefield, not on the table of death.

Nor did he produce the tonsils to show that an operation was necessary or even justifiable owing to their diseased condition, which would have been some consolation to the parents.

LUCKY GERMANS

And Poor Britons

IN time of need—trust a Government Department!

Day by day Britishers, ex-Service men, are being dismissed in Cologne from the civilian staffs of the Army of Occupation, to make room for—*Germans!*

German clerical labour is cheaper, and no doubt officialdom will contend that Germans understand the business of administration in their own country and among their own people.

And under the Union Jack!

British ex-Service men who have been appointed to jobs in the Canteen and other departments auxiliary to the Army on the Rhine, who have done good service for the past three years and more, and looked forward, with justice, to continuing as permanent staff, are now sent home to swell the ranks of the unemployed, while their places are taken by Germans.

Politically, things may be bad in the German Reich; but economically they are booming. Despite the fall of the mark, trade is extensive and wonderfully profitable. And nowhere more so than on the Rhine, where the presence of the British Army keeps disorder in check, and stimulates commercial progress.

There is little or no unemployment in Cologne and Bonn. But on trains going back through Belgium to England there is plenty.

What has the War Office to say?

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH":—"The telegram adds that the four MEN were recently expelled from France . . . and that ONE OF THEM IS A WOMAN."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO":—"After the brakes had been applied the car SKIDDED FOR 20 YARDS."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"Her tulle veil, under a coronet of pearls and diamante and a BONNET of mauve orchids completed her becoming bridal array."

"OLDHAM EVENING CHRONICLE":—"Twelve of them were MADE PRISONERS and the remainder CAPTURED."

"PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS":—"'There is MORE TAR TAKEN AWAY ON WHEELS OF MOTOR-CARS THAN IS PUT DOWN,' he added."

"REYNOLDS'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER":—"A fire-float was quickly on the scene, and SUCCEEDED IN PUTTING OUT THE FIRE, but NOT BEFORE THE BOAT WAS A TOTAL WRECK AND SANK."

"ABERDARE AND MOUNTAIN ASH EXPRESS":—"For keeping a dog without a licence Joseph Lee was PAID 5s."

"BURTON DAILY MAIL":—"Vitamin B., whatever it is, seems to be resistant to heat, and COOKING DOES NOT DIMINISH THE GIRLS AT PRESENT IN THIS COUNTRY."

Impertinent Interviews

by HARRISON OWEN

HE stood upon a lonely part of the beach at Slowcombe-on-Sea, a pair of binoculars in his hands and an angry gleam in his eyes.

"Pardon me," remarked the Impertinent Interviewer, "but surely you are ex-Councillor Who's-this, who kicked up the giddy old shindy about mixed bathing?"

"My name, sir," replied the other with dignity, "is Donald Clark, formerly a member of the Tonbridge Council. By a 'shindy,' I presume you mean the campaign I launched against the shameful mingling of the sexes at many watering-places?"

"Well, your campaign doesn't seem to have had much effect," cried Bertie, waving his stick toward the bathers.

"Perhaps not. Nevertheless I will continue in my efforts. If my activities are no longer chronicled at the same length, you must attribute it to the fact that——"

"Your publicity agent has taken on another job trying to boom a new line in sea serpents, eh? I understand, my dear old Chadband. Still, you had a good time while it lasted. I remember pictures of you surrounded by bathing nymphs in costume which looked like a deed of separation at one end, and a decree knees-high at the other."

"Your flippancy pains me," Mr. Clark broke in, "It is incomprehensible to me how any person can fail to be disgusted at the sight of a young woman in an abbreviated bathing-gown. It robs her of her aura of mystery; it——"

"Well, there is no reason why *you* should rob her of her character. Doesn't it ever occur to you, my giddy old Stiggins, that a tight bathing costume is not necessarily a sign of loose morals, and that a girl can have a good figure without being given a bad name?"

"Ah, but if you had seen what I have seen with my own eyes——"

"And your jolly old spy-glasses—don't forget them, Donald!"

"I admit my binoculars have been of some assistance."

"Some assistance? I should think so! Why, without them you'd be a 'Clark' who couldn't get his 'figures' right. As it is, you always want to add something to the figures you see."

"Most decidedly! If the seaside municipalities would adopt the bathing costume I have designed, it would add greatly to the decorum of our seaside resorts."

"Yes, and subtract 50 per cent from their attractiveness. Believe me, Donald, you'll never induce ordinary persons to rig themselves out like deep-sea divers. You'd be better employed if you tried to 'Brighton' Tonbridge and make it a place fit for Pierrots to live in."

"I can see," remarked ex-Councillor Clark sadly, "that you are hopeless. Please leave me alone to pursue my painful studies."

Once again he trained his binoculars upon the mixed bathers, while the Impertinent Interviewer strolled towards the nearest bathing-box to divest himself of his "aura of mystery."

A NAMELESS CHILD

A Brighter View of Bastardy

FROM a mass of correspondence regarding the human document which we recently published under the heading "Born Out of Wedlock," we select the following words of cheer and comfort from a woman.

"May I suggest another—a more encouraging and less depressing point of view to the writer and to the many who are similarly placed?

"I suggest that there is no such thing as the Illegitimate Child. There are Bastard Parents, numbers of them, but we no longer point the finger of scorn at the child.

"I hope that this unnecessary form of cruelty is dead. It is high time it was, if we are to consider ourselves intelligent beings and lovers of justice.

"After all, there are over 60,000 born yearly in the same circumstances, with the slight difference that they are not all noblemen's sons. At any rate, it is more fortunate to be illegitimately born a man than a woman, so it could have been even worse—'W. T.' might have been a girl!

"Do not say 'Pity the Child.' Rather let the nameless one hold up his head a little higher than the rest, and feel he belongs to himself and to his God, utterly and wholly.

"He is an absolutely independent being—a Free Man. Free to live, to work, to make good. 'His way is allward and his soul's his own.'"

CHANGE YOUR LUCK FOR A NINTH

DO you know the people who are too proud to beg? They may live next door to you. They work desperately hard to keep up appearances and go hungry to do so. They send their children to school with a crust of bread for breakfast. They themselves live on practically nothing.

One day in their desperation they write to JOHN BULL and tell us their troubles and we help them from our "Greatest of These" Fund. Don't read any farther if you are perfectly satisfied that *you* will never need help from the fund; that your children will never need help, and therefore the matter doesn't concern you.

There was an Indian philosopher who lived in the thirteenth century, who said to a rich disciple:—

"My son, you complain of your bad fortune. All your works come to nothing; your caravans are robbed and fire destroys your house. Now thus shall you change your fortune. Give a ninth of what is in your pocket to the poor. Much or little. For the magic of nine is the magic of fortune."

It is well known in the East that luck has a law and that it is susceptible to adjustment. That adjustment is always brought about by charity. The ninth of what is in your money pocket at this moment may be an infinitesimal sum. Will you spend it in a good cause?

There is another proverb in the East:—

"If you are gambling and winning, never lend money—not even to your dearest friend—until the game is over."

That is true; it is equally true that even a shilling given to charity will swing the balance of luck in the right direction. Try it.

It may be only a shilling you send to us—the ninth of your pocket may be more.

The "Greatest of These" Fund is administered without any charge. Every farthing that comes in goes to the relief of the desperately poor. Help us to help the decent poor, the sailors and soldiers who fought for you and whose children are now hungry. Send what you can to the "Greatest of These Fund," JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C. 2, and it will be thankfully acknowledged.

"The Blessing of the Ninth" is a very real blessing. Again and again it has been proved that by some mysterious law the giving of this proportion of the money in your possession has produced amazing changes of fortune.

It doesn't matter how bad you are "going"—what extraordinary ill-luck pursues you—it is a fact that the magic of the ninth is potent to overcome your run of bad fortune.

Put your hand in your pocket and count.

"The Greatest of These——"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

L. C. (Birmingham), £1 2s. 6d.; "Captain Cuttle," 10s.; "A Bard," 2s. 6d.; "Zip," 1s.; "A Widow," 6d.; "A Friend," 1s.; W. G. A. (Penicuik), 6d.; T. M. (Wadebridge), 1s.; E. F. G. (Bristol), 1s.; A. H. B. (West Worthing), 10s.; H. C. A. (Euston), 6d.; J. T. (Hullingar), 6d.; "Tom," 1s.; "A Sticker" 6d.; Anon (Watford), 2s. 6d.; A. J. J. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 2s.; "Bank Holiday," 4s.; K. W. (Lincoln), 1s.; H. P. (Mitcham), 1s.; S. E. W. (Sheffield), 6d.

ALTHOUGH business in general has been bad of late, it has been no uncommon thing to hear persons complain that, either through pressure of business or the conditions and exigencies of their employment, they "cannot possibly take a holiday this year." In saying this they usually bid for sympathy. But compare their lot with that of thousands who neither have work from which to snatch a temporary respite, nor the means to obtain the bare necessaries for a decent existence. Their case is pitiful indeed. From such we daily receive pathetic appeals for assistance; and so far as is in our power, we lend it. Help us to impart a little happiness into such lives—even though it be only temporary.

How to Find Winners

IT may be said straight away that, given information, a judgment of running and an acquaintance with the characteristics of stables, winner-finding is largely a matter of mental poise. Suppose I have the very best information in the world and have reduced a race to two horses equitably handicapped, both trying, both suited to the course. If my poise isn't right, the horse I back is second. If I back them both, the unexpected outsider comes up and beats them both.

WE can dismiss such a happening as being a bit of "bad luck," but the truth is that is a very hazy description. There is a "fluence" at work that not only makes our horse lose, but causes all sorts of unpleasant things to happen on the same day. We miss a train, receive a worrying letter, are disappointed in something we expected—everything unpleasant happens at once.

Do You Remember?

Apart from these malign and implacable influences, the cause which works against the winner-finder is his inability to remember a horse's earlier performances. He remembers, as a rule, that a horse ran badly the last time out, but he does not recall the fact that on the occasion before this same horse was well backed to win a good race, and only just failed.

How it Works.

Let me take a mythical horse whom I will call Snopper, and examine the psychology of his backers.

Hurst Park.—Snopper ran well. Just beaten. Punter makes a note: "This horse to be backed next time out." Note: The stable money was down at an average of 7 to 1.

Lingfield (a fortnight later).—Punters reason: "Here is a chance of picking up easy money," and the horse (tipped by every newspaper) becomes a public favourite. The stable says: "We haven't a chance of backing this horse at a fair price." They have a pony or so on him, just to show the Stewards in case of trouble. The horse gets badly away and is well beaten.

Birmingham (a fortnight later).—Punters reason: "This horse was well beaten last time out; it is fatal to make excuses for beaten horses. We will back Snippy Boy who ran second at Newbury." The stable puts down its money, S.P. The horse wins at 8 to 1. Snippy Boy is favourite but is not trying because the stable cannot back the horse on fair terms.

The Rogue.

Some horses get the name of "rogue"; they are classified as "unreliable," "inconsistent," "faint-hearted" and the like, for no other reason than that their owners find it does not pay for their animals to be consistent. There are horses running to-day who, if they were honestly raced, would never be out of the first three and would win 8 out of 10 times. But it does not pay a betting stable to win with 11 to 10 favourites, and so they run a "bye" and wait for "another day."

IT requires a tremendous effort of will to follow horses that are inexplicably beaten, but it pays.

SPORTS and

IN CONJUNCTION WITH "The SPORTING LIFE"

Mr. Lysaght.

I was very glad to see Mr. Lysaght win on Active Lad the other day. Here is a young man, with a very large income (his father made a huge fortune out of corrugated iron) who loves the sport so much that he "rides work" every morning. I believe he has taken a house at Newmarket where he will have plenty of opportunity for his favourite recreation. Mr. Lysaght cannot fail to be our best amateur if he sticks close to his hobby, for he has a good seat and he is an excellent finisher.

PECULIAR CONVERSATIONS—II.

"They had two men working the job, but the biggest lot of wires had to go from the village post office at X. When Jim got down to the village he saw two people at the post office and told them that he was handing in a batch of wires for the three o'clock race, and the post-master and his wife said they had been notified by the district office and everything would be all right. When Jim got to the post office at half-past two he found it shut. The post-master's wife had been taken ill with appendicitis and the post-master had taken her to the H—— Cottage Hospital. He didn't get back until the race was over, and not a single wire was sent!"

The Horse that Didn't.

What curious mistakes even the cleverest of racing folks make. Last Sunday a friend of mine, one of the cleverest men who go racing and who would not put me wrong for all the money in the world, rung me up from the country and said he wanted me to get on to my bookmaker the first thing on Monday morning and back Spike Island for the St. Leger. He had had good information from somebody associated with Gilpin's stable that this was their best. Ordinarily I should not have hesitated to follow this urgent advice, but it struck me that none of the Newmarket men had ever mentioned the horse in connection with the race, and looking up the entries I found—that Spike Island wasn't even entered!

Racing at Ostende.

I did a little racing at Ostende last week. There were a few second-rate English platers engaged and the class here is so poor that I wonder our trainers do not make more extensive entries. There seemed to be plenty of betting and some fifty bookmakers were standing up, so that it shouldn't be difficult to get from £500 to £1,000 on a horse, apart from the money he could get from the pari-mutuel.

Comfort for Visitors.

Continental racecourses are infinitely superior to ours in the matter of accommodation for visitors. The charge for admission was 20 francs, which is about 9s. at the present rate of exchange, and the stands were crowded. Here, as on French racecourses, there are a series of flower-bordered terraces with thousands of chairs, and it is possible to see every part of the racecourse (except the start for the 1,400 metre affairs) from any part of the public enclosure. The bookmakers operate in the paddock and on the course itself; there is a singular freedom from the clamour which is a feature of our own betting rings.

IN England the best part of the ring is filled with bookmakers, their clerks and runners, and there is practically no decent accommodation even for these. When will the Jockey Club recognise the fact that people bet and that if there were no bookmakers there would be no racing?

An Astronomical System.

I have had a very interesting letter from a naval officer on the subject of systems; my correspondent, a practical engineer, advances one of his own which leaves me gasping. Nevertheless, he is sending me a week's predictions day by day, and we shall see how they work out. When I mention that, according to the writer, the horse is indicated by mathematical calculations associated with very elementary astronomy, you may gasp too!

From my Letter Bag.

This is the sort of thing that makes life worth living. "Dear Rowley Mile: Will you please arrange for a horse to win the day my brother comes home from India as he likes a good winner. Also will you tell me where I can get a book on the Rope Stich, as I am knitting a jumper."

The Blue and Yellow.

Palace House hasn't had much luck this year and I believe that the two-year-old horses they have are not especially good. This is one of the big stables that has its luck in streaks, and maybe a St. Amant will still be found to carry the yellow and blue. John Watson is amongst the first of the "class trainers," and it is diabolical luck that the only good horse in his stable is Roman Fiddle. The "Fiddle" will win at least another good race, probably somewhere about the Leger week.

Football Competitions.

A correspondent writes:—"I suppose later on you will be dealing with football. I wonder if JOHN BULL is going to announce something startling in the football competition line? Personally, I must say that these coupon competitions make no appeal to me. I always feel that a man to win, must spend a lot of money buying copies of the papers to cut out coupons and work certain combinations. In this way the longest purse wins. From the newspaper's own point of view I can't see that these football competitions do much good, for the additional circulation they give you is only an artificial one."

THE WEEK'S

[The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.]

LEICESTER (WEDNESDAY).—RANCLIFFE SELLING PLATE: **Royal Enclosure** (Breslane, Merry Gift). GORSALL SELLING PLATE: **Goldscope** (Yewden, King Throstle). MAIDEN T.Y.O. PLATE: **Arctic Night** (Grace, Miss Margot). MIDLAND H'CAP PLATE: **Young Visitor** (Pictura, Red Rock). LEICESTERSHIRE STAKES: **Taylor's Sel.** (Welsh Spear, Craigangower). OADBY H'CAP: **Fred Power** (Desire, Pooka).

LEICESTER (THURSDAY).—WELBECK SELLING: **S. and M.** (Three Bridges, Golden Error). LEICESTERSHIRE SELLING H'CAP: **Silvester** (Beyrob, Vesuvius). LEICESTER COUNTY FOAL STAKES: **Sweet Peggy** (Su Su, Concertina). BRADFORD HIGH-WEIGHT H'CAP: **Astrapi** (Polista, Olympus).

"THE JOCKEY"
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HAS SENT MANY CONSECUTIVE WINNERS BY PRIVATE LETTER ONLY.

LAST WEEK
EXPRESS DELIVERY WON 4/1,
following
GEORGE DRAKE WON 2/1,
following
CLOCHRABEN WON 11/4,
following
THOUGHTLESS ROSE WON 3/1.
(No losers in between.)

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SPORTSMEN

By ROWLEY MILE

No Second Prizes.

My correspondent raises a question, which I have no authority to answer. (I have already had a kick for taking too much upon myself.) But if I may be allowed to express a personal opinion, I would say: "No Football Competitions." And for this reason: A football competition is all very fine for the fellows who win or divide the big prizes. In the nature of things you cannot give second, third, etc., prizes to those who make a fair shot at the results; you must win the big money—or not at all.

THIS means that if five hundred thousand readers fill up football coupons in the course of the season, about seven who win outright will be happy and 499,993 will be disappointed. I agree with my correspondent that the disappointing of readers can hardly help any journal!

Where Competitions Disappoint.

In competitions like "Bullets" you have always the opportunity of winning a big prize, if you are smarter than the other fellow; and even if you fail there are literally thousands of cash prize winners in the course of a year. But in football—seven or eight people are made happy and the remainder get disgusted and not only drop the competition but in all likelihood the paper. If the Calcutta Sweep only had one prize to offer it would be a failure—it is the chance of getting a second or third prize, or even a prize for a runner, that keeps it going year after year.

HORSES THAT WILL.

To my list of horses to follow, I add another. But "lists" are in operation. You back each horse for a level stake. By the way, when I included George Drake in my first list he had not won—his 11 to 2 victory was scored whilst JOHN BULL was in the press.

Lady Clara	Astrapi
Lord of Burghley	Son o' Love
Fireflend	Bart Snowball
Dusky Maid (T.Y.O.)	Scaldino (T.Y.O.)
Pooka	Polydipsia

SELECTIONS.

KEGWORTH H'CAP: **Palomides** (Killeen, Dragoon).

HURST PARK (FRIDAY).—COWLEY T.Y.O. SELLING: **Glastonbury** (Garrison, Revues). WILDERNESS THREE Y.O. H'CAP: **Leighon Tor** (Purple Heron, Radiant River). LENNOX MAIDEN T.Y.O.: **Sweet Peggy** (Battle Cruiser, Jeddart). PALACE THREE Y.O. SELLING H'CAP: **Pandarus** (Varlet, Brotherhood). RICHEMOUNT THREE Y.O. STAKES: **St. Louis** (Captain Fracasse Soubriquet). FOUNTAIN H'CAP: **Cottage** (Willonya, Herod Philip).

HURST PARK (SATURDAY).—DITTON T.Y.O. SELLING: **Policewoman** (By Mistake, Tobermory). NONSUCH THREE Y.O. H'CAP. **Night Watchman** (Malva, Fordingbridge) HOME PARK MINOR T.Y.O. STAKES: **Drake** (Voleuse, Clare Queen). WOLSEY SELLING: **Willblend** (Soldier Song, Martinique). MAZE HANDICAP: **Statuary** (Lauzun, Port Royal).

The 16 to 1 Limit

FROM time to time I have received bitter complaints from punters about the sixteen to one limit which some bookmakers impose. There is no particular reason why they should complain: it is up to them to take their business to a bookmaker whose limit is not sixteen to one. There are plenty of no limit merchants, and on the whole they are much safer. For I have noticed this curious fact, that the bookmaker who puts his limit at sixteen to one, is the gentleman who most frequently goes broke. After all, there is no particular reason why such a limit should be fixed. The horses that win over sixteen to one are few and far between, and usually they give the book a skinner.

If You See It in "J. B . . ."

JOHN BULL was the first to tell you to "keep off 'Captain Cuttle.'" One of the best authorities told me after Goodwood that it would be remarkable to him if the Captain ever ran again.

ROWLEY MILESTONES.

Watch St. Louis; here is one who will yet make Turf history.

• • •

They tell me Papyrus will beat Town Guard the next time they meet.

• • •

Bert Lines' luck will change round about the beginning of the nursery season.

• • •

How would you handicap the horses I gave last week as Cesarewitch—Cambridgeshire probables?

• • •

When you see Lucentio running in a race that is *not* a seller, back him.

• • •

Hartigan's horses are very straight just now—give them the benefit of the doubt if you think them badly handicapped.

• • •

West Kent's absence from the Cesarewitch cost some friends of mine a fortune.

• • •

The Taylor establishment will win a lot of races in September.

• • •

Back Dragoon (rogue as he is) every time he runs.

• • •

Palomides is, I am told, a reformed character and will win again shortly.

• • •

Home Fire may not win again until Newbury.

• • •

I fancy that the connections of Captain Fracasse are finding some difficulty in selecting the right kind of race for this animal. The handicapper takes an exalted view of his quality.

• • •

A certain winner of nurseries is Verdict.

• • •

Certain trainers I wot of, will have a smaller string next year.

• • •

Follow St. Louis blindly.

• • •

I know the name of an owner who will be warned off before the end of the season if he isn't very careful.

• • •

Has doping died out in England? I ask this question because I saw a most blatant case the other day at Ostende.

• • •

The difference between Continental and English racing is that in England we do have at least three horses in a race that are trying.

• • •

Who is the trainer who told an unfortunate owner, "I cannot give you information about your horse until it is on the course"?

• • •

Keep off Happy Man for any published handicap.

• • •

Follow Thoughtless Rose.

• • •

Cul-de-Sac will win a seller one of these days.

Sportingalities

IF Lord Lonsdale had not been born the heir to an earldom, or if that interesting event had occurred four hundred years ago, we can imagine him commanding a privateer and harassing the galleons of the Spanish Main. Heaven gave him the soul of an adventurer, and Fate ordained that he should live respectably and wear top hats and, on occasions, white trousers, and invariably a large and fragrant cigar.

He is one who has roughed it in many countries of the world. An intensely masculine man, he was once described by an American reporter as "the rough-neck peer," and for a very excellent reason, for he has no place in the boudoir. One could not picture him playing croquet on the lawn and I should imagine that he has never written poetry in his life. He is a man who has done a great deal for British boxing and not a little for the Turf. As a steward he is rather terrifying, and there are many jockeys riding to-day who would sooner stroke the neck of a full-sized and vociferous dragon than rub him the wrong way.

I sometimes think that in his passion for clean riding he is not always quite fair to the jockey who is hauled into the objection room, but the jockeys manage to survive his ferocity and probably a little loud pedal music is good for their souls. He is noisy in the best sense of the word, a rider to hounds and a most excellent "master." It is a legend that he cannot pass coverts without causing considerable heart trouble amidst the "varmint." To

LORD LONSDALE

the adventurous the adventurous go. I remember that it was in Lord Lonsdale's handsome dining room that the Legion of Frontiersmen were launched on a career which has been made glorious by their deeds in East Africa. He was the foster father of the movement. He is immensely English both in his tastes, his blunt honesty, and his love of the good games that are characteristic of the nation. The coster loves him and to the coster's wife he is the ideal of an English gentleman. I don't know what his age is and I will not even look up my "Who's Who" to discover. He is a lad and will always be a lad to the end of his days. May they be many.—E.W.

FREE FREE FREE

TOMMY AND JACK

A PAGE FOR EX-SERVICE MEN OF ALL RANKS

Conducted by

Field-Marshal EARL HAIG, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E.

(PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH LEGION AND REMEMBRANCE LEAGUE)

THE time limit which was fixed for applications by parents for pension in respect of the loss of their sons is another instance of the injurious effects of arbitrary closing dates imposed by the authorities. During the war parents patriotically allowed their sons—in many cases their only sons—to join their pals in the fighting line. And when these boys made the sacred sacrifice there was no bitterness in the hearts of the mourning fathers and mothers. They felt that even at such a price they had made their contribution towards the war efforts of the nation.

NO parents could have done more. In the silence of their homes they suffered. In their pride they found hope for the future. They "carried on" bravely, until the dark days of depression came. Many of the boys came back maimed. They lingered on and their pensions being insufficient they had to look to their fathers for partial support.

MEANTIME the father has become less able to maintain the standard of the home. His health has perhaps failed; trade has been crippled and he, maybe, has lost his job. At first he did not find it necessary to claim his rights to a pension. Now altered circumstances are no excuse. He should, says the Ministry in effect, have applied when he thought he could manage without its help.

TRUE, the Ministry can grant a pension on the basis of "need," but their scale is low and the thousands of such cases the Legion is handling at the moment show quite clearly that this further act of economy at the expense of the ex-Service community is causing a very large amount of misery and distress.

Another Chance:—In Hartlepool there is a man whose bad luck has been continuous since he became disabled in the war. The climax was reached when he recently lost all he had through fire. We, however, have helped him to make a fresh start by loaning him money with which to develop the trade of basket-making.

Down and Out:—A Sussex man with a wife and four children to support was ill for many months, and when he recovered he found that his post had been filled; neither could he persuade anyone else to give him work. He came to us and the timely assistance given saved the family from the disgrace of the workhouse.

Equipment Provided: — After nine months' unemployment an ex-Service man obtained a post as steward on a boat bound for a long voyage. At first it seemed as though the difficulty of obtaining suitable clothing and equipment would prevent his accepting the position, but when he applied to us the necessary amount was forthcoming, as a loan, and he was sent on his way rejoicing.

Obtained from Canada: — A Lewisham woman tried to obtain a gratuity in respect of her son who was killed while serving with the Canadian Forces, but her repeated applications, both to London and to Ottawa, were futile. In despair she came to us, and within a fortnight we obtained from the Canadian authorities, on her behalf, the sum of £36 13s. 5d.

Travelling Concessions: —As a result of pressure brought to bear by the Legion, it has been decided by the railway companies that from August 1st, blind ex-Service men and their attendants, travelling on business, will be conveyed at half-fares upon surrender of a certificate from the Ministry of Pensions.

Workless Through Illness: — An ex-Service man gardener found it impossible to obtain work after recovering from a long illness. He and his family would have starved but for our timely aid. In addition to temporary assistance, we helped him in other ways, and he is now able to earn a living as a hawker.

For Want of Capital:—A man in the Metropolis had managed, by commuting part of his pension, to purchase a motor-lorry with which he hoped to work up a business as a furniture remover. When he started, however, he was hampered owing to the lack of capital. The Legion came to the rescue with a small loan, and also with some "removal" orders, to help him on the way.

A Case from Malta:—Living in Malta is an ex-Service man who suffers so badly from neurasthenia that he is unable to work. His pension was 8s. per week. Following our representations he has been re-assessed at 80 per cent. Meantime he is undergoing special treatment for his disability, and getting the full allowance of £3 3s. 6d. per week for himself and his family.

Twelve Months Workless: — A year ago an East Grinstead ex-Service man held an excellent post which he had to resign through no fault of his own. For twelve weary months he has been trying to exist —with his wife and child—on a pension of 10s. per week. All his savings are exhausted, yet only sheer desperation persuaded him to accept temporary assistance offered by the Legion. We are helping him in his search for suitable employment.

Almost Totally Blind:—We have just rendered timely aid to an ex-Service man suffering from almost total blindness who was unable to claim any pension as his blindness was not attributable to his service. The sole source of income for the family was the money derived from casual "daily" work done by his wife, and from the small "Mother's" pension received on account of a son killed in the war, and which had been withdrawn for weeks.

Not "Of the Parish": — A Staffordshire ex-gunner who served for four years in the war, unemployed and penniless, with a wife and kiddies starving, was driven to the "parish" for help, but that excellent body said "No"—as he had not resided in the district long enough. But as "residence" in France is more important to us we stepped in and saved him from destitution.

Ex-Service Men in Asylums: — For a long time the Legion has been much concerned regarding the treatment of the 6,000 odd ex-Service men in public asylums; more particularly since the allegations made by Dr. Lomax and since the appearance of the report of the Committee set up by the Ministry of Health to investigate the matter. We have arranged to hold a conference, immediately, with the Ministry of Health, when it is intended to sift the matter thoroughly, and when very special attention will be given to the point of just how much individual medical treatment is given the men. The Legion is quite determined that the matter shall not rest on its present very unsatisfactory basis.

Heard in Hospital:—In Maidstone there is a man who, while serving in Saloniki, contracted tuberculosis which, however, did not develop immediately. Consequently no application for pension was made by him on discharge, and when he did apply he was told the claim could not be considered as he must have contracted the disability after he left the army. But so convincing was the evidence brought before the Tribunal by the Legion that the verdict was reversed and a pension allowed.

For an Ex-Service Woman:—An ex-W.A.A.C. contracted bronchitis whilst serving in France and was awarded "compensation" by the War Office to the extent of 4s. 7d. per week. Recently she was offered a final settlement of £25, and as she was working at the time she was sorely tempted to accept the proposal. Fortunately she sought our advice and we obtained for her the sum of £60 in final settlement.

Important Dates: — Disabled officers, nurses and men, and the widows and dependents of those deceased, who desire to appeal to the Pensions Appeal Tribunal against the rejection of claims to pension, must do so within a year after the date of the notification by the Ministry of the rejection of the claim, or before August 19th, 1922, whichever is the later. Any new claim to pension in respect of disablement under any Warrant, Order in Council, or Order, administered by the Minister of Pensions, must be made within seven years after the claimant was discharged, or before September 1st, 1928, whichever is the earlier.

What About You?—Are *you* a member of the Legion? It may be that you are one of the lucky ones—in a job. All the more reason to help others by joining up. But you never know what the future may bring. If you belong to the Legion you *do* know that you will have a friend when you want one most. This page shows what the Legion does. Join now!

Our Daily "Thank You":—A Brighton man writes: "I am sorry I have not been able to write before thanking you for your kindness to me and my family by getting me those tickets for milk and grocery, which were a godsend. Secondly, I cannot thank you too freely for getting me 'on treatment,' as I had abandoned all hopes of ever receiving pension again, and the credit is due to your wonderful Legion. Again thanking you and your staff for keeping my children and myself from poverty and wishing you every success."

THE TERROR OF THE AIR

by AN AVIATION EXPERT.

THE killing and maiming of tens of millions of the flower of European manhood, and the beggaring of the lives of hundreds of millions of men, women and children, have utterly failed to convey to the minds of men a proper sense of the horrible possibilities of modern warfare. This is due, not only to the limitations of the human mind—limitations for which we may be thankful, for mankind would perish in universal insanity if sorrow endured and were cumulative—but to all-important and unrealised considerations relating to the machinery of war. I refer to submarines and aircraft.

As to submarines, it is not my purpose here to dwell upon the fact that the submarine blockade nearly succeeded, and was never wholly defeated although the German attack was improvised and poorly equipped. If I do not deal further with this point now, it is because I desire to deal with a greater menace.

Sometimes I wonder if the people of London have forgotten the nights when a few German aeroplanes brought terror to the millions of our huddled streets.

It will not do to deride those who took refuge from the night attacks, for I remember attending a meeting of the War Cabinet in the daytime when, upon the sounding of the signal maroon, our great, greatest and almost great men fled into the subterranean shelters of the Foreign Office. I love to recall that incident because the joke of it was that the scaring sky-rocket was a false alarm, so that the deliberations of the mighty were suspended without cause.

Aeroplanes as developed up to the close of the war were infantile appliances. It seems next to incredible to recall it now, but the first flying of the English Channel by M. Blériot took place only *five years before the opening of the war.*

On January 28th, 1918, aeroplanes had become so developed that in one night flight from Germany sixty people were killed in London. The aeroplanes of to-day have developed far beyond those of January, 1918, but it is still only a terrible infant.

It will become possible for a nation, without declaration of war, to launch ten thousand aircraft upon a peaceful population and to rain down bombs and chemicals to destroy hundreds of thousands of people, and that within a few hours, or even within a single hour, of the murderous decision to make war being arrived at. If anyone fancies that declarations of war will necessarily take place in the future let him recall the Japanese and Port Arthur. Because of this element of suddenness which is peculiar to air warfare, the nations in the future, if war is to continue, will find it necessary to hold in leash great fleets of defensive aeroplanes ready to rise in an instant to combat the invader.

Towns, railways, factories, workshops, munition works, arsenals, would have to be adapted to meet the possibilities of the case. Every community would need extensive subterranean shelters.

Now I come to the supreme consideration. *It is the distinguishing feature of air warfare that it is mainly warfare upon non-combatants, and must necessarily be that.* Air warfare does not, and cannot, discriminate between combatant and non-combatant. In the late war the 1,413 persons killed by the German airmen were almost entirely civilian non-combatants. So it will be in the future if mankind tolerates the existence of this horror upon earth. War will take on a meaning far more terrible even than it possessed in the days of barbarism.

What then is to be done to save the world from so great an evil. If we tolerate the existence of such possibilities in the world, we tolerate the certainty of such crimes against humanity as the world has never yet suffered. Here are, to my mind, the heads of safety in the matter:

(1) An agreement for the complete abandonment of any use of aeroplanes or airships in war.

(2) The control of all commercial airships or aeroplanes by national Governments, with the right of free access for the air vessels of all nations to all the world's aerodromes.

(3) A complete international account of all air vessels building for peace purposes.

(4) The restriction of aeroplane speed; and

(5) Finally, the creation of an international flying police force, using fast machines, and capable of promptly destroying the air vessels of any recalcitrant Power which endeavoured to break the world contract by arming its peace vessels.

How necessary such a programme is is shown by the fact that the world is full of menacing voices urging Governments to subsidise the commercial production of aeroplanes with a view to their being ready for war. We are asked to squander resources to stimulate the making of psuedo-commercial vessels. In other lands menace replies to menace, and science, as always, is the ready handmaid of death. Let the peoples of the world consider the path which they are asked to tread. Here the appeal is made to Humanity everywhere to defend society against the most horrible weapon ever forged against it.

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(Sgd.) E. H., Ripley, Surrey.

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(Sgd.) J. S., Bristol.

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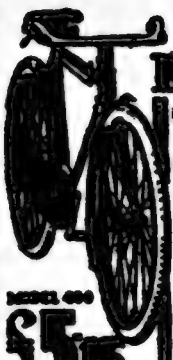

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A COMMON ERROR.

About the Digestion.

Many people so far misunderstand the digestive system as to treat it like a machine; neglecting it until it works sluggishly, then irritating it into work again. The stomach needs help at times, but a study of the process of digestion will show that purgatives, as commonly taken, are seldom necessary.

To safeguard your digestion the diet must be controlled. Over-eating is always harmful, but one must assimilate enough food to supply the needs of the blood. Remember, the blood has to carry nourishment all over the body, and find fuel for its energy. Hence, when the blood becomes weak and fails to do its work, indigestion arises. Therefore, the remedy for indigestion is to build up the blood.

If you suffer from any form of indigestion, choose your diet carefully and take wholesome nourishment. Above all, start building up your blood by taking a course of Dr. Williams' pink pills. Then, under the influence of the regenerated blood, your digestive system will respond naturally, your appetite will improve, and your food will do you good.

So begin to improve your digestion by starting Dr. Williams' pink pills now. Of chemists, or direct from address below, 3s. 0d. per box, post free. The one tonic for men and women too.

A free book, "What to Eat," gives much information regarding your diet; write to W. E. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a copy.

£3:15:0

Astounding Cash Bargain! This amount buys outright a nearly new Government-tested Bicycle.
HUMBER, B.S.A., JAMES, RUDGE.
We guarantee that each and every part has been manufactured from specially-tested material by the above makers. Also brand new models of all makes from... **10/-** monthly.
Supplies at these bargain prices strictly limited. Post to-day.
Money returned if not satisfied.

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The Kynaston Method

is proving daily that the knife is used without reason. Operations on
ENLARGED TONSILS AND ADENOIDS
are always dangerous and frequently useless. They are repeatedly followed by death. Lt.-Col. Kynaston is fighting the children's battle. His advice on any form of Catarrhal trouble is available if you will write (enclosing stamp) to:—
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The most interesting book of the year—calculated to be of great public service—

SEXUAL DISEASE

AND ITS MEDICAL PREVENTION.

BY

H. N. DOBSON, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

With contributions by Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE, Sir G. ARCHDALL REID and Sir BRYAN DONKIN.

There is no bliss in being ignorant of the facts stated in this book—written in plain blunt language for everybody. Neither is it folly to be wise to the extent of knowing how to prevent infection from an awful disease which is much too prevalent.

108 pages. Price Two Shillings Net of all booksellers, or 2s. 3d. Net post free from publisher:

JOHN R. WILDMAN, 158, Fleet Street, London.

MONEY FOR THE MILLION

by Our Financial Editor

Politics v. Business.

The political situation dominatesthe outlook. Reparations, recriminations, moratoriums, marks, kronen, francs, dollars and pounds sterling are the constituent parts of the international jig-saw. Kronen are almost out of it; roubles completely so; and the mark "gyres and gimbles in the wabe" until no one knows what's what. In such circumstances the only sound advice is to stand from under and let all these staggering currencies find their own redemption as and when they can. The millionaire in roubles is the pauper in pounds to-day, and the millionaire in marks may be a hopeless bankrupt to-morrow.

More Brewery Profits.

Bass, Ratcliff and Gretton show considerably increased sales, though the net profit is somewhat lower. The Ordinary dividend is maintained at 11 per cent. Mitchells & Butlers, the big Birmingham firm, also show a falling off in net earnings, due to stagnant industrial conditions, but maintain the Ordinary dividend at 10 per cent. I always read the Chairman's speech at the annual meeting of Mitchells & Butlers for the sake of his lucid and exhaustive analysis of the trade in general and of this company in particular.

Lower Fares Wanted.

A market upon which high speculative hopes are being founded is that in Home Rails, owing to the re-grouping which is in progress. Here, again, I advise my readers to leave the game to the professionals. Stand aside, not because there may not be possibilities in this quarter, but because the outlook is too obscure, and to attempt anticipation is a gamble with too much of a "heads-I-win tails-you-lose" flavour. For those who spend their lives in Throgmorton Street this may be all very well, but for others—na-poo. A sensible slogan for Home Rails would be "Lower fares and more of them."

Mines and Men.

At the moment of writing there is some little excitement in the Kaffir market, and prices are rising. I have seen so many false starts in this section that I have grown sceptical about any sustained boom such as has been so freely predicted. To be frank, I don't trust the "Shops." They have so frequently shown themselves anxious to make "turns" out of the speculative public. They simply use the mines of South Africa as a means of making money out of the share market in London.

Listening-in.

Marconi's Wireless has maintained its Ordinary dividend at 15 per cent., thereby confounding the prophets, who looked for a fall to 10 per cent. I expect a gradual advance in the price of all Marconi securities, but I only recommend them to those who are prepared to put them away and ignore temporary market fluctuations.

A Word to the Wise.

Perhaps I may moralise for a moment. Speculation on the Stock Exchange is a business in itself. If you are running a prosperous undertaking leave the Stock Exchange alone, at any rate as a gambling concern. If you are dissatisfied with your own undertaking, dispose of it, and then come to the City and devote your full attention to it.

A Damaging Circular.

I have received from Brazil a lengthy circular signed by C. S. Richardson, a registered shareholder in the Cascalho Syndicate, Ltd., engaged in gold and diamond concessions in Minas. His allegations are of a very damaging character. I will not deal with them now because it may be that the English directors have some reply. If they have not seen the circular I will show it to them.

Claptrap.

It looks as if some English practitioners are behind the International Bank for Import and Export of Brussels, if I may judge by the inquiries from our Dominions beyond the Seas. This concern is anxious to sell Belgian premium bonds at prices well above their market value. It is a pity that so many people turn an attentive ear to such claptrap as this so-called "Bank" grinds out.

Rubber.

Rubber shares are not worth bothering much about just now. The industry has got to work out its own salvation, like many others. Each must do its bit through the ways of co-operation and self-denial. Lots of businesses are stagnating because of the all-round lack of trade and prosperity. "Help one another" should be the motto, in the certain knowledge that to do so is eventually to help oneself.

4-ft. Rivers in the Streets.

Readers who have suffered loss from the recent floods and torrential rains will have cause to remember a clause in "JOHN BULL'S Free Home Insurance scheme," which reads: "£100 against loss caused by storm, tempest or flood." Those who insured will find a silver lining even in a cloud-burst. Incidentally JOHN BULL was the only paper which had the foresight to include this clause in its insurance policy.

BREAD AND BUTTER ECONOMICS

by SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

8—Home Trade and Export Trade

WHAT have most of us to do with export trade? it may be asked. The mass of our people have nothing whatever to do with ships or exporting or importing. We have only to glance at the occupations recorded in the Census to see that the great majority follow callings which are purely connected with home affairs.

From policeman to shopkeeper, from clerk to waitress, from postman to publican, from bricklayer to railwayman, there are tens of millions of workers in the home trades. If it is true that Britain must do oversea trade or perish, why are so many outside its direct operations?

The truth is that by far the greater part of our home work is based upon oversea work, or upon oversea products obtained by export work.

Building a house, for example, may appear to be a purely domestic business. When we examine the materials, however, we find that many of them, *e.g.* timber, lead, zinc, etc., have been earned by foreign trade. Not only so, but the means to build arise from work directly connected with shipping, exporting or importing.

Or take the case of a shopkeeper. Here is a draper doing a purely domestic trade. If we examine his stock, however, we find that it consists of articles made out of materials imported from abroad such as cotton, silk or wool.

Thus also with the grocer, whose stock, whether of tea, or marmalade, or cocoa, or sugar, is very largely of foreign or colonial origin. As for the teacher, postman, policeman, municipal employee, labourer or other home worker, his employment, like the trade of the draper or grocer, depends upon the creation of a fund of wealth set up at the ports.

The great manufacturing trades produce for home and for export, and both departments are valuable, but it is the exporting part which brings into the country the food and materials which we lack.

So we see the enormous activities of the country *based upon oversea trade.*

Britain is a naturally poor country, and such wealth as she has is based upon keeping a good and reliable shop, noted for enterprise and honesty, for all the world to deal at.

PERSECUTING THE HELPLESS

Enforcing the Letter of the Law

HOWEVER just a law may be in its general application, there are occasions when its enforcement to the letter savours of tyranny. Here is a case in point:—

George Barham, a beer-bottler by trade, was one of the first to answer his country's call on the outbreak of war. He served in the Royal Fusiliers from 1st September, 1914, until 31st March, 1920. Three times he was wounded, but was technically not admissible for a pension, and his only reward for his services are his medals and his honourable scars.

Though much reduced in health, he was buoyed up by a promise that he would be taken back into his old employment immediately upon his return to civil life. But, alas, as in so many other cases, this promise proved illusory, and demobilisation simply added him to the ranks of the unemployed.

Thus we find him living in two rooms in Lambeth, with his wife and four children, facing poverty bravely with the assistance of a little parish relief, seeking high and low for casual work to keep the wolf from the door.

How terrible was the condition of this poor family may be judged from the fact that not only most of the household goods, but even the hero's medals, were pawned to provide food for the starving little ones. It is touching to observe the cash value of these tokens of valour. Eighteenpence was advanced on the 1914-15 Star, and half a crown on the Silver Medal!

Two months ago the baby, six months old, died in St. Thomas's Hospital from meningitis. The insurance had lapsed through inability to pay the premiums, and for seven days the grief-stricken parents rushed about in an endeavour to raise sufficient money for its funeral. Failing in their efforts, they had to see their child buried as a pauper.

Such was their pathetic poverty, but it did not avail them against the attentions of the Education authorities, who summoned them for not sending their children to school.

The mother admitted that sometimes, when she was unable to give them food, or the weather was bad and they had insufficient clothing, she had kept them away for the sake of their health, and that when the baby died she kept her twelve-year old girl at home while she ran about trying to raise money for the funeral. The boys, however, had played truant without her knowledge.

The Magistrates, callously remarking that she must *take them to school*, fined her 10s. on each of the two summonses.

We paid the fines, but we cannot withdraw the sting from the mother's wounded heart.

THE SLAVERY OF YOUTH

Child Workers Who Turn Criminals.

IN the wake of the wretched system of child slavery which we exposed in a recent issue, there is a seething wave of juvenile crime.

Eighty years ago a Royal Commission on child labour issued a Report which was a damning indictment of the manner in which children from seven years of age upwards were exploited for gain. It is a saddening reflection that, despite the march of civilisation, many of the conditions which prevailed so long ago still obtain to-day.

Notwithstanding compulsory attendance at school, children of tender years are working in coal mines and dockyards, on farms and canal boats, in workshops and street stalls, making cardboard boxes and shelling peas, pulling barrows and carrying parcels, hawking and delivering handbills; spending the precious hours which should be devoted to recreation in earning a few shillings to swell the family income.

From such figures as are available, we find that during seven recent years proceedings were taken against nearly 10,000 people for employing children in a manner prejudicial to their health. Nearly four prosecutions a day! How many cases go undetected?

Throughout the evidence given before that Commission of eighty years ago ran the terrible refrain, "Too Tired to Play!" That may not apply to-day, but it would appear that these child workers too often find recreation in consorting with criminals and dallying in their devious paths.

A recent Board of Education Report on juvenile delinquency shows that in four towns, comprising a large seaport, a big industrial centre, an iron manufacturing town, and an artisan borough in the Metropolitan area, 7,000 boys and girls under the age of 15 were charged before juvenile courts with more or less serious offences during two years.

Of these 7,000 young criminals, nearly 5,000 were convicted of larceny or house-breaking. More than half of the 7,000 were under 12 years of age.

Three of the cases recorded are shocking in the extreme. In one, a boy only nine years old had a police court career of eight convictions, including larceny and shop-breaking. In another, a boy of 14 had been found guilty of stealing on eight occasions.

Statistics are not yet available regarding the proportions of these 7,000 youthful offenders who were in part time employment, but obviously such criminal courses were not learned in school.

Child labour must be abolished.

Five for a Guinea! or 3 for 13/6

Buy Superior Shirts Direct — and see what you save.

Five for 21s. Carriage Paid —less than 4s. 3d. each.

SPLENDID shirts that you would willingly pay 8s. 6d. apiece for in any Outfitter's shop, and at five for 21s. a bargain indeed! Seize this unrivalled opportunity to replenish your wardrobe at such a considerable saving.

These shirts are of excellent workmanship and cut. Made in a range of neat fancy striped material, double-sewn throughout, soft finished fronts with dressed neck bands and soft double cuffs, double yokes, well shaped bodies, gussets at sides and sleeves, and good grade pearl buttons.

You Can Safely Send Your Order

Remember, all shirts are sold under the "John Bull" Guarantee of "Complete Satisfaction or money back in Full," and our own guarantee given below. Send your order therefore at once and judge them on their merits. If you are not more than pleased with them—the remedy is in your own hands. Anyway, you will not be a penny out of pocket.

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We guarantee that if any of these Shirts fade as the result of exposure to sunlight, or if the colour run in the wash, we will replace them absolutely free of cost to the customer. This guarantee holds good for a period of SIX MONTHS from date of purchase.

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When ordering state size of Collar worn. This is one-half size larger than the size of the Lin n Shirt. Thus, if you take a 16 in. Linen Collar you require a 15½in. Shirt, &c.

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My shirt size is .....

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ADDRESS .....

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"John Bull's Letter Bag"

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, *as they are liable to be mislaid.*
Replies by post will be sent whenever possible.
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

EVERY week we give a guinea for the letter which tells the most human story of hard luck. In respect of our last issue, that sum has been forwarded to the sender of the information on which we based the paragraph entitled "Mother Love." But don't write only for the guinea. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding in the men who conduct the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often.

HISTORIAN (Battersea).—"The Virgin Queen is a misnomer." Don't let us rake up old scandals.

DOGMATIC (Leatherhead).—"Racing days will continue until October." Thank you, Old Moore.

EVE (Southampton).—"How can a woman dress on £10 a year?" Your namesake did it on less.

F. R. T. (Mill Hill).—"The Irish Problem can never be settled peacefully now." Has it ever been?

SARCASTIC (Tring).—"Why don't you come to Scotland and tell your lies?" Are you feeling lonely?

A RED (Chalk Farm).—"This country will never be settled until it rises against capitalism." Cheap stuff.

PRETTY POLLY (Tewkesbury).—"Can you tell me the best cocktail for a girl?" The one she wears in her hat.

INDUSTRIOUS (Teignmouth). — "Can dipsomania be cured by eating sweets?" Yes, if you don't stop eating.

UNFORTUNATE (Shrewsbury).—"My wife threatens to run away with a young man. What can I do?" Get annoyed.

ARDENT LOVER (Cleethorpes).—"My heart simply stands still at the sight of her." What a lot of wreaths you must get.

LITERARY MINDED (Balham).—"I can read books all day—my people think I'm lazy." And they're about right.

CANT (Aylesbury).—"A great deal of present-day religion is only assumed." And very badly assumed by some people.

YOKEL (Swanage).—"The farmer always has his profit—even if it is nothing to shout about." And, anyway, he wouldn't shout.

OUTSPOKEN (Headcorn). — "Often when I speak in public I feel that I am telling the vital truth." That is how a public speaker *should* feel.

FISHERMAN (Great Yarmouth).—"I have heard from a man in a Spanish prison who has hidden treasure." Don't allow him to hear from you.

EARLY VICTORIAN (Brighton).—"Do you think you ought to wear jewels in the morning?" Personally we invariably take off our pearls before we shave.

ERIC (Hendon).—"Five million pounds would put us on our feet." If by "us" you mean "me and you," we agree. Otherwise, 500 millions is required.

SONGBIRD (Gorleston).—"Who wrote 'The Garden of Sleep'?" Clement Scott.

LORDLY (Gainsboro').—"The secret of my birth has been well kept." Ha, ha! A mystery!

EXCITED (Belfast).—"I think I begin to see a glimmer of reason in JOHN BULL.' What eyesight!

CYCLIST (Tonbridge).—"I say, 'Let the motor-cars keep off the road!'" Say on, sweet child.

F. L. R. (Taplow).—"Punting is a dangerous business." We know several punters who say the same.

SENSIBLE (Gravesend).—"We want a little peace and quiet, and France wants, what—?" Rhine and Rhino.

CANDIDATE (Torquay).—"Municipalities want waking up." Torquay municipality doesn't want much waking.

SCOFFER (Oxford).—"Can you give me your views on the authenticity of the Bible?" We can give you our views on the stupidity of scoffing.

BLASÉE (Rankin).—"The newspapers contain nothing but horrors; murders and suicides." And pictures of bathing beauties—don't forget those horrors.

BOTANIST (Truro).—"I can prove that fair animals are unreliable." The only fair animal we know is the office cat, which is ginger. Thanks for the warning.

F. H. N. (Usk).—"My father makes me go to bed at 10, when the fun is beginning." If there is any fun in Usk after 10, this is the first we have heard about it.

TIMOROUS (Wells).—"I hardly know what to say to a girl when I meet her." Ask her if she's insured with JOHN BULL. It is a wonderful way of making conversation.

BUTTERFLY (Fulham).—"My people do not think I am serious enough." Your people probably take you too seriously. We think your nut is a little distended.

CREVATE (Dawlish).—"If a girl sneers at me, I am entitled to be offensive to her." And her young man is entitled to kick you. By the way, "crevatte" is French for "shrimp."

B.P. (Shanklin).—"I never dreamed I would be sending in an insurance claim so soon." Precisely. Nobody dreamed of a war, or a drought last summer, or floods this. You never can tell. It all points a moral, doesn't it?

LAD O' THE VILLAGE (Groomsbridge). —"My fiancée does not like onions." Strange!

KEEN (Grimstead).—"A man cannot live on faith and hope." Charity is a poor substitute for either.

FRIEND (Wimbledon).—"It doesn't always pay to be honest." It never pays to be anything else, friend.

JIM (Cliftonville).—"What is necessary before one can go in for swimming the Channel?" A good Press agent.

LANKY (Poole).—"The sea offers opportunities to young men." Opportunities for working hard on a miserable screw.

JESSIE (Ryde, I.O.W.).—"Bullets" coupons that are disqualified are returned to their senders, together with the entry fee.

KELT (Stockport). — "What does 'infra-red' mean?" The red in the spectroscope which cannot be detected by the human eye.

TOURIST (Accrington).—"I am told I can spend a week in Paris for £5." We will let you spend a month there for half of that sum.

P. J. M. (Tankerton).—"Would you say that playing on the sands is undignified?" Playing with what—a cornet or a bucket?

MONSOON (Leamington).—"When we were demobbed, everybody was gratuitously kind. Now . . . !" You mean gratuity-ously kind.

HARRASSED (Dover).—"Can anything be done to stop Messrs. ——— from suing me for money I owe them?" Yes; you can pay up.

INQUISITIVE (Maidstone).—"We cannot put you into touch with the publisher of that or any other unpleasant book. You are a naughty girl.

SALLY (Ashford).—"Why shouldn't a girl of 17 leave home and go into digs.?" Because she's likely to get into troub. Don't be sil.

P. F. L. (Claygate).—"Can a man serve two sentences of imprisonment for murder?" If he is lucky. Usually he is hanged the first time.

SAUCY SAL (Regent's Park).—"When I want to think of you, I go into the monkey-house." You like to be amongst friends, so to speak.

PROFESSIONAL (Cowes). — "Many years ago I was highly complimented by the German Emperor on my playing." Our condolences. He is a rotten judge.

V. F. S. (Angmering).—"The French are bent on another war." That which is bent is easiest broken.

HALF-BACK (Leeds). — We have handed your letter to Rowley Mile, who will answer you on his page.

H. X. (Cobham).—"I simply detest men after my experience. I say: 'Curse them.'" Dear, dear!

L. S. (Sheringham).—"Some of the biggest waves in England are to be seen here." See them for us, please.

P. V. S. (Canongate).—"Nobody realises what an expense children are." What do you mean by "nobody"?

CANDID (Hoylake).—"I will say this of JOHN BULL, that it is run by white men." A little sunburnt just now, but white.

A TROUBLED READER (Ealing).—"I simply ignore the lady, but she follows me, shouting abusive remarks." What a lady!

SWIMMER (Lyme Regis).—"The crux of the money situation is inadaptability." With us the crux is inaccessibility.

LANGUID (Bude).—"I believe JOHN BULL is in the hands of the Reds." And in all probability you still believe in Santa Claus.

MRS. MOTHER (Ardath).—"You improve with every issue." Madame, believe us, we Coué ourselves to sleep every night.

MERMAID (Margate).—"How do the newspapers get these pictures of bathing girls?" Heaven and the enterprising reporter only knows.

BENEVOLENT ONE (Bfranksome).—"Why not have a flag day to help the hospitals?" Your great idea was ancient ten years ago.

VAGABOND (Penzance).—"I am a modern Ishmael—everybody's hand is against me." Stop being sorry for yourself and do a bit of work.

DRAMATIST (Peterboro'). — "The drama of to-day is all light and legs." In other words, bright and brisk? We regret we do not agree with you.

JUGGLER (Bloomsbury).—"I was told there was a fortune in juggling when I was young—it's a dog's life." All the successful jugglers work in the City.

VALOROUS (Dundee).—"The English have forgotten the Battle of Bannockburn." We haven't heard anybody talking about it lately, so perhaps you're right.

STRUGGLING (Stirling).—"How can a man pay his income-tax when he has spent all his money?" That is the question nine men out of ten ask annually.

FEAR-RACKED (Aberystwyth).—"My future is one which haunts me night and day." Your age is 29. You are in good health, you have no dependants. Why squeal?

GAY GEORGIE (Frinton).—"A bit of fun with the girls has never done a man any harm." If it did men wouldn't be so keen on the "fun." The woman does all the paying.

PINK-EYE (Hammersmith).—"Two months' midsummer holiday for children is too long." We have questioned several small boys and girls, and find that you are in the minority.

LONG LEGS (Greenwich).—"The work of suppressing good men like the Rev. Noel goes on." If by the "Rev. Noel" you mean the Essex socialistic vicar, may the good work continue.

OLD TIMER (Harrogate).—"How our mothers would have stared at the present bathing costumes!" Our own impression is that the present-day mother wears the most daring of all.

(*Legal Replies on page 26.*)

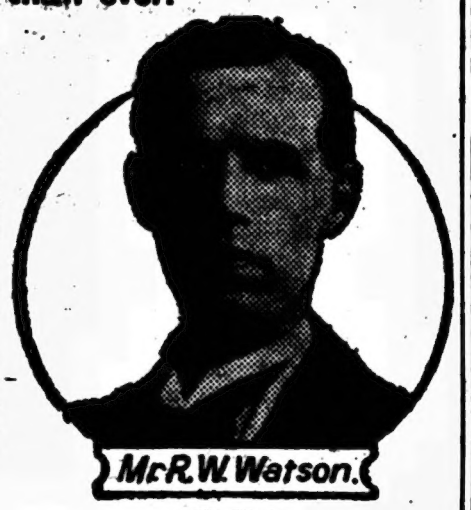
THE LAST RESORT

to thousands is "Humanist" of JOHN BULL. When despair enters the human heart and everything seems black and the outlook hopeless, write to "Humanist"—he is the friend and confidant of thousands. They carry their secrets to him, and he helps. He cannot help with money. He can help in a hundred other ways. Write to him. Mark your letter "Humanist," JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C. 2.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets unlock the Door of Health.

Nervous Breakdown. Permanent Cure.

Cured Three Years Ago by Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Now fitter than ever.



Three years ago Mr. R. W. Watson, 34, St. Luke's-road, Sunderland, said:—"I was in bed for seven days with influenza, and after that found myself as weak as a child. My health was completely broken; I couldn't sleep; I couldn't eat, and my nerves were in a shocking state. Work was out of the question; I hadn't strength for anything. For nights together I used to lie awake, and the dull, weary feeling in the mornings was terrible. I had plenty of medicines, but got no better. I was advised to take Dr. Cassell's Tablets, so I got some. In quite a short time I felt better, and very soon was back at work again, well and fit."

At the present time Mr. Watson says:—"I am pleased so say that ever since I gave you my testimony to Dr. Cassell's Tablets, three years ago, I have continued in the best of health, and there has never been the slightest return of the symptoms."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 3/-

1/3 the smaller size.

Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Anæmia
Neuritis	Palpitation
Indigestion	Kidney Weakness
Sleeplessness	Children's Weakness
Neurasthenia	Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Are you Nervy? Tone yourself with the great restorative, Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured under the supervision of skilled chemists in the most perfectly equipped laboratory of its kind in the Empire, by

The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

Every Skin Sufferer needs this famous British Skin Remedy

Rid Yourself of Skin Illness

You'll never know what a wonderful remedy Antexema is till you try it. That is why we advise every skin sufferer to get a bottle and use it at once. You may have had dry, weeping, or scaly eczema for years. Antexema will cure you. You have pimples or a rash on your face so that you are ashamed to meet your friends. Antexema gives your complaint immediate notice to quit. Your child has some worrying skin ailment. Get Antexema and it will soon be gone. A bad leg or bad hands that everything has failed to cure is making you miserable. Antexema is what you want, and the instant you apply it you will be absolutely convinced of its virtues and soon be completely cured.

Get Antexema To-day

Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows, at 3/- and 1/3, the larger size being the more economical; or post free direct 3/- and 1/6, from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. 1. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

A Special Representative of JOHN BULL has investigated the statements made in this advertisement and certifies them correct in every particular. The testimonials are perfectly genuine and unsolicited.

This Man made £3,000 in Two Years with £5 to start— *why not follow his Example?*

With £5 and an idea this man made a handsome income in the Mail Order business. There is big money to be made in this direction provided you go about it in the right way. We tell you what to do and how to do it. Let us start you in business. Stop being a wage slave, and establish your own business supremacy NOW.

We will send you GRATIS AND POST FREE our interesting brochure "By Post to Prosperity." It tells how you can start a spare time business at home, points a quick, certain way to a big income, and shows how £5 can be made the basis of independence. ALL OUR PUPILS are enthusiastic about the helpful instructions the Institute gives. Read some of their convincing letters reproduced below, and then resolve to take up this money-making business yourself—NOW.

HERE IS PROOF.

Read these unsolicited and genuine Testimonials, originals of which may be seen at the Institute—

B. 934.—"I have found your course very interesting. The systems outlined were very simple and easy to understand. Your explanations were quite clear to me. They take very little time when once the idea is understood."

J. B., 1737.—"I have read with deep interest your lessons in Mail Order and have been struck with the remarkably simple manner in which you set forth the particulars."

B., 2869.—"Thanks for second lesson—I am very pleased with the information it contains. I am quite confident that the Mail Order business will prove a good thing for me in the future. Thanking you once again."

B., 2469.—"I shall be obliged if you will kindly forward me the third lesson in the course. The first two lessons have proved most encouraging. They show quite plainly what might be done with effort and a little patience."

B., 306.—"I can see already that your course is going to benefit me greatly."

B., 406.—"I must say I have found the course far above what I expected. I shall always advise anyone I hear thinking of taking up Mail Order to take up your course. I can safely say it has given me a great idea of how to run a Mail Order business, and I am only just embarking on my fifth lesson."

J. B., 2030.—"I feel I must just let you know that since becoming one of your students my income has been considerably increased, and upon an outlay of a few pounds I have realised a net profit of 200 per cent. I trust my good fortune will continue, and I can assure you I shall ever feel grateful to you for your profitable help."

J. P. D.—"The series of lessons are to my mind very well thought out, and offer very useful hints regarding Mail Order and advertising work, which already I find an interesting and lucrative hobby."

B., 1540.—"By what I can see of it, I have at last got on the road to success. I have studied your first lesson all through and by the time I receive the others I think I shall be well away."

A., 191.—"I must say that I have nothing but praise for your course. It is well graded and cleverly written, and is quite comprehensive. It certainly contains all that is necessary in the making of a Mail Order expert."

YOU ALSO can make good money in the Mail Order Business—but to succeed you must learn "the ropes." Our proved system will put you on the right road without loss of time.

THE SHAW INSTITUTE
(Dept. J.B. 7),
1, Montague Street,
W.C. 1

Only ½d. stamp required if envelope is unsealed. **Do this NOW—while you think of it.**

The First Step is to send this Coupon.

CUT HERE

To
THE SECRETARY,
Dept. J.B. 7. Shaw Institute,
1, Montague Street, London,
W.C. 1.

Please send me GRATIS and POST FREE your Brochure, "By Post to Prosperity," and other literature on Mail Order Trading.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B 7. .....

LIVERPOOL MOTOR SCANDAL

Mr. W. W. K-lly and His Staff

LIVERPOOL is discussing with very great interest the fatal accident in which a young motor cyclist, who was an analytical chemist at Liverpool Infirmary, lost his life as a result of a collision with a motor-car.

The driver of the motor-car in question was in the employ of Mr. W. W. Kelly, a well-known figure in the theatrical world. He is the proprietor of the Shakespeare Theatre, and a very adept dispenser of the "glad hand," as they call it in America. He has succeeded in making himself popular with everybody—and particularly with the police.

Recently Mr. Kelly presided over a meeting of the Watch Committee when a presentation was made by the police to their retiring Chief Superintendent. He has raised thousands of pounds for police charities, and is naturally *persona grata* with the police, who may be described almost as having a personal affection for him.

It may be presumed that this circumstance did no harm to his chauffeur, who was found by a Coroner's jury to have been guilty of negligence, but not of criminal negligence. The circumstances surrounding the case, however, are felt not to have been altogether cleared up at the Coroner's inquest.

A young married woman, the wife of a Chinaman, gave evidence to the effect that she asked the driver of the car to get off and help the cyclist who was under the car. She states that he got off, looked at the prostrate man, climbed back into his seat and lit a cigarette.

Halcrow, the chauffeur, explains this incident by saying that he was dazed from shock, and he could not do anything more for the man than the crowd were doing. It is a very unfortunate thing that shock should produce this effect, which has so much the air of callous indifference.

Police evidence is that the chauffeur was sober, and Mr. Kelly gave him an exceedingly good character, but explained that he was very much annoyed to learn that his chauffeur, after he had driven him to the station, had taken others out for a drive.

The explanation given of this is that he was driving home two employees of the Shakespeare Theatre who had with them a lady member of the theatre staff who was ill. She herself explained that she had had a bottle of stout which "sent her off," and she did not recollect anything that happened afterwards, even getting into the motor-car.

We would suggest to Mr. W. W. Kelly that he should look more carefully into the proceedings of his staff. He might also enquire what the various parties to this transaction were doing between the time when the theatre closed, which was before 11 p.m., and the time when the accident happened, which was about midnight.

A JOB FOR WOMEN

Where Modesty is Forgotten

A SMALL girl of seven was standing in the witness-box of a police-court. Opposite stood the prisoner, an elderly man accused of a criminal offence against her. All went well until the girl was asked to point out the man who had offended against her.

She thrust out a tiny forefinger unhesitatingly. "That's him!" she said, pointing to the doctor who was present to speak on her b half.

To the child-mind, and that is the clearest mind, as big an offence had been committed against her when she was submitted to medical examination by a male practitioner as was committed against her "unlawfully" by the prisoner.

Why, then, in an age of women doctors, should they not be called on to take part in an incident that is to remain in the memory of the child throughout her life?

Another little girl, who had been similarly offended by a younger man, had to tell her story, previous to the trial and according to custom, to a police official. She had wept at first; she felt the indignity keenly. Again, at the trial, she repeated them before a company of men only.

There are many legal but illogical indecencies which present a conundrum to a child.

Again, in a police-court a man is before the magistrates charged with being in the precincts of a "ladies' cloak-room." Yet, in the cells of many provincial police-stations, women and girl prisoners are housed all night after their arrest with no one but male officers in attendance. A woman may be a thoroughly respectable person, but may have the misfortune, say, of being a "wandering lunatic." A girl may be found helplessly drunk.

Imagination need not be keen to visualise the indelicacy of this existing custom. If the prisoner has need to come out of her cell during the night, the constable in charge must call for the sergeant who unlocks the door. Surely the most degraded woman is entitled to a sense of decorum being displayed in association with the law. Women officers should be present when women are locked up.

There are many women who are horrified on reading of some woman found dead and that at the inquest a police-sergeant declares that he "examined the body."

With all due regard to the constabulary the woman doctor is the proper person to examine a dead female body, which is entitled to as much respect as was accorded to it when living. These are serious matters that require attention.

How Advertising Reduces the Cost to the Purchaser

by SIDNEY BOLSOM.

(*Managing Director Bolsom Bros., Ltd.*)

ADVERTISING a popular and branded article reduces the price of it to the customer or consumer. As the pioneers of popular priced footwear, in the short space of two and a half years, we have solely, by the aid of advertising, built up a connection that extends to every part of the world, and have now a mail order list greatly exceeding a *million customers*.

This means that our weekly turnover is that of, roughly, 200 ordinary retail shops! When one considers that this is done from one establishment in the Strand, without the usual costly (but necessary) overhead charges connected with 200 retail establishments, the enormous saving can readily be seen.

The result is that the value given is much greater than that of an unadvertised and unknown brand of goods.

JOHN BULL guarantees the genuineness of every advertisement, and, going further, will immediately return every penny paid by the customer if there is reasonable cause for complaint. Our firm has proved this journal to be one of the most important in their great campaigns, its readers comprising every class, from the man of title to the farm labourer, and it reaches the remotest corners of the earth.

The Shop Window

OUR advertisement pages are like a row of shops; there's the tailor, the hosier, the cycle store, the chemist, etc. The reliability of their goods is backed by the JOHN BULL guarantee. You may need some advertised article which you do not find in our pages; if so, write to the Advertisement Manager, JOHN BULL, 57, Long Acre, W.C., and he will quickly tell you where to obtain it.

To win the Tourist trophy on June 1st, the French Grand Prix on July 12th, and the Belgian Grand Prix on July 23rd, Hutchinson Tyres must indeed be good. The Hutchinson people have been making tyres since 1877.

The Shaw Institute offer their free brochure "By Post to Prosperity." Some hundreds of JOHN BULL readers have obtained satisfactory results from this course.

The shirt advertisement of Curzon Brothers is a very good one, and inspires the reader with confidence. Though the price of the goods is very low, the shirts are really excellent value.

Kynaston's method of dealing with enlarged tonsils and adenoids without the use of the knife has already been dealt with editorially by JOHN BULL, and the Kynaston Institute will give advice if a stamp for return postage is enclosed.

S. A. Barry & Co. say "you have nothing to lose by seeing our patterns." From our experience you will find that you have much to gain.

Many items of interest will be found in the "Small Ads. Worth Watching," on page 3, just underneath the Advertisement Guarantee.

LEGAL ANSWERS

Mrs. F. took a couple of rooms while her husband was away in India—leasing them from the tenant. This tenant has since had a stroke, and the agent wants to turn Mrs. F. out and tells her she will have to redecorate the whole house. But she wants to know what she can do.

Reply:—Before she can be made to quit the rooms that she now occupies, an application would have to be made to the Court by the landlord, and it is for the Court to decide as to whether she is to leave or not.

* * *

Mrs. M.'s husband sold a business to a man and allowed him to "leave £300 on mortgage for two years," the whole to be paid 31st December, 1922. The man paid interest money half-yearly, giving an unstamped I O U. The husband has died, leaving all his property to his wife, and now the debtor refuses to pay anything, but, however, has made an offer of £100 to settle everything. Mrs. M. wants to know what to do.

Reply:—It is not necessary for an I O U to be stamped. If her husband has left the whole of his estate to her, she would be entitled to proceed against the party mentioned to recover any proper sum due, and we do not think he is in order in saying that she cannot claim the same. Having regard to the fact that he has offered her £100 to settle, it would seem that he realises that he is under liability in the matter. If she cannot get satisfaction, we suggest she should place the matter in a solicitor's hands.

(*Many replies unavoidably held over.*)

CARRY YOUR "JOHN BULL" WITH YOU

THE "JOHN BULL" MAN COMING TO YARMOUTH AND BLACKPOOL

ONE after another the seaside resorts are coming under the spell of the JOHN BULL MAN, who is presenting handsome and useful gifts to those readers who carry JOHN BULL with them and attract his attention. Next on the list is Yarmouth, Thursday, August 17th, and Blackpool, Wednesday, August 23rd. He is assured of a rousing reception, as readers in these resorts have already got wind of his coming and are busy cudgelling their brains as to the best way to attract his attention, and win a prize. Of course, most holidaymakers will have an eye on the magnificent tea and coffee set which the JOHN BULL MAN will give away, but there are other splendid gifts such as watches, dressing cases, handbags, etc.

MAYOR OF SOUTHEND DISTRIBUTES "JOHN BULL" PRIZES.

There were some very happy JOHN BULL readers in Southend on Thursday, August 10th, when the Mayor, Alderman Sir John Francis, graciously presented the prizes to those who had been successful in attracting the attention of the JOHN BULL MAN. Previous to the presentation the prizes were on view in the windows of Messrs. Woolworth, High Street.

"JOHN BULL" MAN AT MARGATE.

Names of Prize Winners.

After the keenest competition, the chief prizes were awarded to the following: SPECIAL PRIZE (Massive Tea and Coffee Set), Miss Grace Phyllis Clifton, 82, Hastings Avenue, Cliftonville, Margate. FIRST LADY'S PRIZE (Silver-chain bag)—Mrs. Nance Kitson, Howden Street, London. FIRST GENT'S PRIZE (Dressing Case)—Newton Laycock, Esq., 29, Fort Road, Margate.

The JOHN BULL Pen Coupon will be found on Page 25.

A LOT IN A LITTLE

THE old Roman gentleman who coined the Latin tag "multum in parvo" was no doubt aware that the idea of a lot in a little was capable of wide application, but it was left to a modern Englishman to notice its reference to "Bullets."

He is Mr. T. S. Whitnell, of 7, Benares Road, Plumstead, the winner of the First Prize of £1,000 in Competition No. 454, and he offers the following advice to other competitors:—

"Keep plodding away, do not be discouraged. A little study, a little thought, may bring a big surprise, as it has for me."

The Best Literary Skill Competition

£250 'Bullets' 1st Prize

2ND PRIZE £20

10 PRIZES OF £5
10 PRIZES OF £2-10
25 PRIZES OF 10/-
100 PRIZES OF 5/-
500 PRIZES OF 2/6
2000 TARGET PRIZES
2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

3RD PRIZE £10

NEXT WEEK "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE WILL BE INCREASED TO £1,000.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 455.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

MR. G. B. SHEPPARD,
4, Branksome Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19.
Example:—SEASIDE ENGAGEMENT.
Bullet:—DAYLIGHT "DEVELOPMENT" MOONLIGHT "FIXING."
(Sent in on free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

MR. E. CHAPMAN,
91, Hale Road, Hale, nr. Altrincham.
Example:—HASTY EXIT.
Bullet:—THERE'S PROBABLY "WARRANT" FOR.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

MR. D. GRIFFITHS,
Woodall Street, Cradley Heath, Staffs.
Example:—BROKEN.
Bullet:—SABBATH—BEATS BROKEN HEALTH.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

H. PEARSON, 187, Cog Lane, Burnley:
IN THE MELTING POT—EUROPE—FRANCE "POKING FIRE."

F. JOYES, 13, Melville Road, Brighton:
HARLEY STREET—FAILURES MADE BARKER FAMOUS.

Mrs. G. A. OSMENT, 10, Plassy Rd., Catford, S.E.6:
WORTH HIS SALT—GOING STEERAGE, RETURNING SALOON.
(Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)

G. PINNINGTON, Ivy House, Greenhill Rd., Allerton, Liverpool:
SMOOTH SAILING—SPENDING POUND, RAISING GUINEA.

R. THOMPSON, 174, Dogsthorpe Road, Peterborough:
HASTY EXIT—BOXER WITH "PAPER" PUNCH.

L. B. GRIFFIN, Newstead House, Paignton, Devon:
MAN OF STRAW—FIRE INSURANCE OFFICES AVOID.

H. W. HENLEY, Southbourne Av., Emsworth, Hants:
AT HER WORST—WOMAN AS A MONEYLENDER.

J. BARNES, 35, Selsdon Rd., South Croydon:
NO LADY—FOOTBALLER WORTH A FORTUNE.

A. COCKLE, Upper Bilson Rd., Cinderford, Glos.:
BRITISH CREW—NEVER FEARS "GOING ALOFT."

Mrs. F. HOWARD, 45, Roebuck Rd., Sheffield:
HASTY EXIT—HUN'S—SPOTTING LATE PRISONER.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

A. R. MEAGER, 14, Station Rd., Berkhampstead, Herts.:
PAL FOR LIFE—PREMIER IMAGINED TORY PARTY.

Miss E. WESTWOOD, 19, Mackenzie Rd., Cambridge:
YESTERDAY—TO-DAY'S, "THISTLES" SEEMED "ROSES."

A. HUME, 60, Central Rd., Port Sunlight, Cheshire:
A FREE HAND—ASYLUM ATTENDANCE MUSIN'S HAVE.

A. B. PINK, Haywood Rd., Mapperley, Notts.:
CHEERFUL—IF MINTING REPLACES PRINTING, ...

Miss B. JOHNSTONE, 60, Botanic Av., Belfast:
PAL FOR LIFE—RUSSIAN WON'T FIND FRITZ.

A. H. BELL, Cob's House, FOUNT HETTON, Sunderland:
RULING PASSION—THE HOUSE WITHOUT CHILDREN.

A. H. G[illegible] 21, Seaton Rd., Yeovil:
YESTERDAY—PRISON SYSTEM BELONGS TO.

Miss N. F[illegible] 172, Drummond Rd., Skegness:
LITTLE [illegible]AR—BUMBLE NEVER CALLS ORPHAN.

[illegible], Duke Street, Birkenhead:
LOOKS [illegible]—PRESCRIBING SALTS IN LATIN.

A. WILSON, Rosemeath, Upper Largo, Fifeshire:
SEVERELY TAXED—ACCOMMODATION ADDRESSES SHOULD BE.

List of Ten-Shilling Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition No. 455 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 457.

WHAT FRANCE WANTS
DANGEROUS THING
ALL WORK
HIGHFLYERS
POWDER AND SHOT
AFTER DINNER
MAKES ME SORRY
FLAPPER'S FRIEND
DRAWING IT MILD
SUNDAY GATHERING
MAN OF SPIRIT
SENSELESS
THEN AND NOW
SLENDER PURSE
THE WRONG SORT
SMALL WONDER
ROSES AND THORNS
CORDIAL INVITATION
SELDOM AT HOME
LUCKY STAR
TAINTED
TRUE BLUE
SILENT ADMIRER
THICK AND FAST
WHEN BROKE
FLY ENOUGH
GOOD READING
OPENING HER EYES
TENDER SPOT
BACK TO EARTH
PARTING GUEST
TAKING ROOT

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENT'S PRIZES:—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" prizes in Competition No. 457 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Thirty-two examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can **EACH** begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—A BARGAIN. Bullet: WIFE THINKS UNTIL LATER. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 24.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(457) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 24.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(457) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

Envelopes should be marked "bullets" No. 457. "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 24.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(457) I.O. No.____
I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 24.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(457) I.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 458.

PUSSYFOOT—AFTER YOU—WINTER AND SUMMER—ENGLISH—FOOTBALL—SAD BUT TRUE—DRINKING WATER—BOXED FLAPPER'S NECK—MODERN BURGLAR—METHODS AND TRICKS—ONE IN A MILLION—THE HAPPY HEAR—TONS OF MONEY—LANDLADY'S GAY—GAS—MAKES WIFE GET UP—LONDON POLICEMAN—AT THE LABOUR EXCHANGE—GAMES FOR GIRLS—A GOOD RIDDANCE.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY September 7th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 458 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 458, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 457.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the first prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 454 can now be seen in the window of Mr. Syd James, Newsagent, 16, Benares Road, Plumstead, S.E. 18.

This Handsome Tea and Coffee Set is only one of the many prizes to be obtained by the "JOHN BULL MAN." There are also Wrist Watches, Dressing Cases, Silver Chain Handbags, Fancy Ware, etc., etc. Look out for the "JOHN BULL MAN"!

Attract the "JOHN BULL MAN" and receive this set FREE!

The "JOHN BULL MAN" is distributing magnificent gifts in the Coast towns in return for a little enterprise on the part of readers of "JOHN BULL." On Thursday, August 17th, he will be in Yarmouth, and on Wednesday, August 23rd, in Blackpool. If you are there for your holidays be sure and carry your "JOHN BULL" with you and endeavour to attract his attention in some way. As a reward for a little ingenuity on your part you may be presented with this splendid, massive silver-plated Tea and Coffee Set or one of the many other prizes. Enter into the fun. Think of a novel way of attracting the attention of the "JOHN BULL MAN!"

CARRY YOUR "JOHN BULL" WITH YOU

"Stand by for 'F.L.' Great Wireless Concert about to begin."

Have you experienced the thrill of listening to a voice speaking hundreds of miles away? Are you listening-in at the wireless concerts? Let

The Broadcaster

THE FASCINATING MONTHLY FOR LISTENERS-IN

—the first English monthly wireless magazine—tell you in plain, simple language how to enjoy listening-in. Many through its aid are making their own sets and erecting their own stations. No. 3 of the "BROADCASTER" just out tells you how. Get your copy to-day.

No. 3 just out contains fascinating articles on "Home Construction" and "Radio in the Home." Don't miss it. One Shilling.

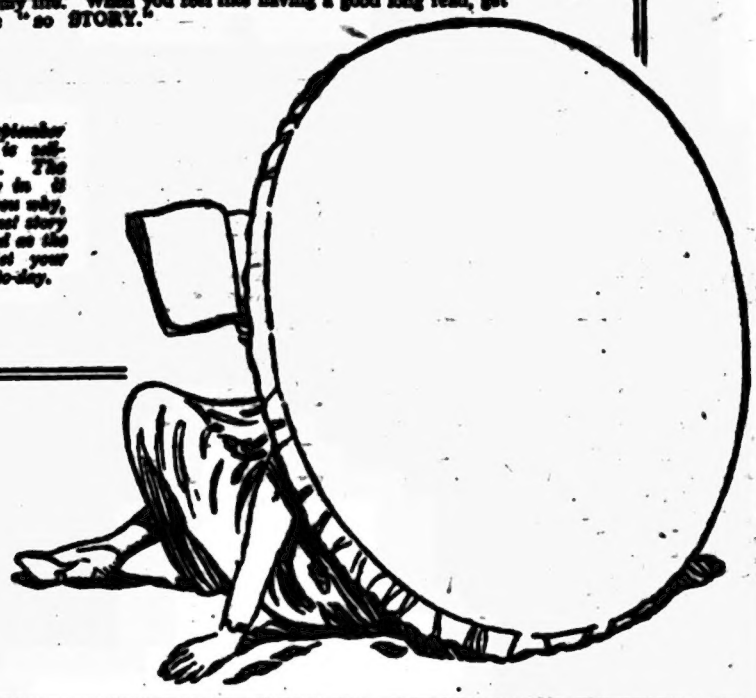
"Do not disturb me."

I have T-W-E-N-T-Y long, lovely stories ahead of me. Twenty stories all in one magazine is something too good to miss!

THE 20 STORY MAGAZINE

is the biggest shillingsworth of fine fiction I have ever had in my life. When you feel like having a good long read, get the "20 STORY."

The September Number is selling fast. The first story in it will tell you why, and the last story is as good as the first. Get your number to-day.



Swelling the Chorus:

Yours for only 2/- and Seven Coupons. Start your Coupon collecting now by cutting out the one below.

Brookend Villa,
Mr. Llanthony, Mont.
17th July, 1922.

Although your office must be flooded with letters in praise of the marvellous JOHN BULL Pen, I cannot refrain from increasing the number. . . . Have used for upwards of five years a Fleet Street. . . . Should not entertain the thought of trying any other make.

H. J. ROWBOTHAM.

Priory Road,
Dereham, Norfolk.
11th July, 1922.

Many thanks for Fountain Pen. It really is a marvel for the price, and gives all the satisfaction claimed for it. I will show it to my pals.

R. J. Wass S.Sgt.

JOHN BULL

Pen Coupon—Value 2D.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3/- and 2d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a JOHN BULL Gold-nibbed Fountain Pen STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to six from JOHN BULL any dates may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send seven Coupons and P.O. for 2/- only, and 2d. stamp for postage. DE LUXE MODEL, 1/3 extra.

Address:
PEN DEPT., "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. 2.

P.O.'s should be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

J.B. 19.8.22

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